McAllister & Bro.

THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

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Political Notes.

—The *Irish-Canadian* thus defines its political position: "Revenge and representation. Representation as a right of the present; revenge as a security for the future.

—Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, is to be appointed Solicitor of the Treasury in place of Talbot, resigned. He is one of the very few remnants of the old Whig party in that State.

—The Republican Committee of Cambria county has appointed John F. Harper Senatorial, and Wm. M. Jones and H. W. Storey Representative delegates to the State Convention. They are instructed to vote for John A. Lemon for Auditor-General.

—The State of Georgia is arguing by counsel, that it does not exactly repudiate its bonds, but simply refuses to pay such of them as are not legally contracted. Either our Councils have taken lessons of the Georgians, or they of us.

—New Jersey is just now agitated over the question who her next Governor shall be. Courtlandt Parker, a Newark lawyer, and a man of high character, and William Walter Phelps are prominently talked of by the Republicans, with half a dozen lesser lights thrown in.

—Congressman Brentano, of Chicago, states that Schneider withdrew from the Swiss Mission involuntarily, and he charges Schneider with swindling numerous relatives out of property, and of being guilty of other acts unfitting him to be a representative of the United States abroad.

—Senator Conkling announces that one purpose of his visit abroad is to thank the English people for their grand reception to Gen. Grant. The Senator was a warm and constant friend of the General, and will do himself no harm by showing that he maintains the old-time freindship.

—Senator Bruce of Mississippi, thinks that the attempt to bring the Old Line Whigs to the support of the administration will fail, or has failed, because most of the Old Line Whigs in the South have been gathered to their fathers, and the lilies of the valley are growing over their graves.

—The Beaver county Democrats are again without a local paper to represent their views. The *Post*, which was established not long since as the organ of the party, set out with apparently fair prospects of success, but was compelled to suspend publication for want of sufficient patronage.

—August Belmont is credited with the remark that Secretary Sherman drove the hardest bargain in making the syndicate contract last Saturday that any nation ever demanded of individuals. But August Belmont should remember that the moneyed men drove a far harder bargain with the Government during the war, when bonds were first issued.

—The Democrats of Mercer county are modest. They have instructed their delegates to the State Convention to vote for Hon. John Trunky, of Venango, (formerly of Mercer,) for Supreme Judge; John R. Packard, of Mercer, for State Treasurer, and Benjamin Whitman, of Erie, for Auditor-General, all living within 50 miles of each other.

—The people of Minnesota have just declared, by popular vote, against transfering five hundred thousand acres of public lands to the holders of dishonest bonds of the State originally issued to railroads. The bonds were mainly held by one man, and the people do not appear to have sympathized with him to a very great extent.

—Congressman Mackey has been interviewed by a reporter of the Philadelphia *Times*. He expressed the opinion that "the dissatisfaction in the Republican party will probably give the State to the Democrats by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority, unless they should nominate a shrewd fellow like Bob Mackey to head the ticket." This prediction may turn out to be true. But with Barr for the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, and with another Lancaster platform, we havn't a doubt the Republicans will sweep the State by a much larger majority than either of the figures given by our Congressman for success on the Democratic side.—[Renova Record.

The Doomed Molly Maguire Murderers.

A great effort has been made by the friends of the Molly Maguire murderers to secure their pardon, but without success. To-morrow the souls of these men, who defied the law so long, will be sent to their last account. Much excitement prevailed at Pottsville when the decision of the Board of Pardons was announced. Curiosity was manifested as to whether the men would be executed separately or all at one time. The sheriff has provided a gallows large enough to hang seven at once. Only think of it, seven persons to be hung at once, at one place, the same day, in civilized America. There is a feeling of satisfaction and relief at the action of the Board of Pardons. Some fears were entertained that an attempt at rescue would be made, to guard against which double guards were placed at the jail and about town. Nearly one hundred applications have been received from correspondents and journalists to be allowed to witness the execution, and over a hundred doctors have applied for admission to the spectacle. In view of the excitement the police force around the prison has been increased, and it is rumored several companies of militia from Philadelphia and the surrounding country will be taken there and be reviewed by General Gobin on Thursday. Priests visit the condemned men every morning and afternoon. Young Rearity is in the best of spirits, while Duffy, whose case was so strongly and persistently argued before the Board of Pardons, is quite despondent.

The relatives and friends of the doomed men visited them last Friday, it being the last day they could see the men alive. The father and mother of Thos. Duffy, who is to be hanged for the murder of Policeman Yost, and Duffy's brother, came in from Tamaqua on an early train. The father of the condemned man, bent nearly double with age and shaking with palsy, was led to the prison. Just inside the grated door stood the wife, father and sister of Munley, who is to be hanged for the murder of Thomas Sanger, Mrs. McGehan, wife of Hugh McGehan, to be hanged for the murder of Yost, and Mrs. Carroll, wife of Joseph Carroll, together with a large number of friends. The corridors of the jail were filled with weeping women and children. About noon it was rumored that Duffy's father had tried to buy a small steel file, and a short time after he was seen going to the jail. Marshal Heisler, of the Reading coal and iron company's police, was informed by the man who sold the file, and he followed with the intention of searching Boyle (a prisoner) and removing him to another cell, whether the file was found or not. Capt. Linder accompanied Heisler, and they both returned together without finding the file. Duffy's brother has spent $1,000 on his brother's case.

What a lesson to some of our young men, who have just taken the first step in a downward course—are just taking the first drink of liquor. Had these doomed men refused the first drink, and kept free from bad company, they would to-day have been free men and good citizens, instead of standing within the shadows of the tomb at the foot of the gallows, with afflicted friends, father, mother, brother and sister standing around them weeping as though their hearts would break, at the thought of such a terrible separation to-morrow. Many hearts will be sad for these men. Bad as they were, they had many bound to them by tender ties. Years ago other homes were made sad by the acts of these same men, and now the prediction is being fulfilled—"He who shedeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

FISH are reported to be dying in Delaware valley in great numbers. It is supposed that this unfortunate mortality is caused by the food eaten by the fish, which, in that section, consists chiefly of seventeen-year locusts. Seventeen years ago, when the locusts were present, the same fatality befell the fish in Delaware river.

President Hayes and his cabinet will visit Boston on the 26th instant.

Office-Holding Delegates.

The *Watchman* is quite *highlarious* over the appointment of officials as delegates to the Republican State convention, and squirms like a skinned eel because we take exceptions to such proceedings in our own party. We would inform the *Watchman* that it is hardly necessary for it to get quite so far beyond the pale of its own party in order to bestow gratuitous advice which is of no value whatever outside of their office. The fact that the appointment of official delegates to Republican conventions receives official and semi-official endorsement at the hands of Democratic papers, and such papers as the *Watchman*, is conclusive evidence that the position assumed by us is correct—that the interest and prosperity of the Republican party demand that delegates to all conventions shall be taken from the rank and file of the party, and not from the office holders and wire pullers who set up tickets to promote their own interests only.

We would here remind the *Watchman* that it has about as much delegate affairs on hand in its own party as it is able to take care of; and the recent appointment of C. T. Alexander, Esq., as one of the delegates to the Democratic state convention is a species of rascally wire pulling that seldom crops out in rural districts. It is well known that Mr. Alexander cut loose from his party, three years ago, and denounced the leaders thereof as being unworthy of the confidence of the people, when, no doubt, Mr. Alexander was right for once in his life. Notwithstanding this infidelity of his party, however, the wire pullers took him into the fold and made him the chairman of their convention the following year, to the chagrin of the better class of their party; and the *Watchman* man quietly proclaims it a triumph of Meekism. It is this species of rascality and intrigue that we propose to combat; and it is this species of rascality and intrigue successfully consummated that causes water to flow in the *Watchman* mill

The success of our party demands that the primary meetings shall be conducted honestly to start with; that none but honest and competent men shall be made delegates to conventions. This accomplished, an indestructible party foundation will have been laid and continued success assured, the *Watchman* to the contrary notwithstanding.

WE have received from our friend and subscriber, Samuel Grove, of Mexico, Missouri, a copy of the St. Louis *Daily Journal*, in which is an article upon the superior advantages offered by that state, and especially that county, as a place for Northern people to settle. We have no doubt but that they have fine land and a healthy climate, and think that Missouri is settled by a people who will treat a new-comer decently. But what retards emigration from the Northern states to the South is the semi-barbarous condition of most of the Southern states. (We think, however, Missouri is an exception to the rest.) But as for some of the others, Mississippi for instance, why a man might as well go at once and live among the wildest Indians upon our plains. Every decent man ought to move from the state in which the Chisolms were murdered.

—The Board of Pardons, week before last, recommended the pardon of Dr. E. L. Vance, of Franklin county, sentenced to seven years and seven months in the penitentiary for instigating a boy to commit a revolting crime on a young girl. When the recommendation reached Governor Hartranft, he remarked in the presence of the mother of the convict that so long as he held the pardoning power he would never pardon Vance. This is the second instance wherein the Governor has refused to favorably consider the recommendations of the Board of Pardons, the other case being where, as in this, the crime was nameless and without any plea of justification. It requires grit to stand up against the judgment of those in whom the Constitution virtually places the pardoning power; but Governor Hartranft does it when the virtue of woman is to be protected.—[Blair Radical.

A Word About S. J. T.

A short time ago the friends of Mr. Hendricks tendered him an ovation on the eve of his departure for Europe. It was intended to make Mr. Hendricks the lion of the occasion, as they desired to bring him into prominence in order to make him the candidate for President in 1880. But Mr. Tilden does not intend to be put aside in this manner, and on this occasion forced himself to the front and became the lion instead of the other fellow. He made a speech, in which he presented his grievances, saying he was elected but was counted out by fraud.

The Philadelphia *North American* has an able article on the subject, headed "Scissors," in which it says:

The late reunion of defeated Democratic candidates at the Manhattan Club House, reminds us of a story illustrative of woman's obstinacy. It related to a tailor and his wife between whom there arose a controversy about a pair of scissors. Both were voluble, but the woman's tongue was the longer, though she was finally reduced to the extremity of repeating rapidly the word "scissors." This was very harrassing to the tailor, who determined to have the last word. To his angry remonstrances she invariably screamed 'scissors." He tried to smother her, but no sooner did she recover her breath than she bawled "scissors." Despairing of success by ordinary means the irate tailor dragged his better-half to a horse pond and threw her in. She went down beautifully and came up sputtering "scissors!" At last he held her under water until the breath was well nigh out of her body and she lay for dead. But the vital forces rallied, and she signalized her return to consciousness by sighing the hateful word "scissors." To the best of our recollection the tailor gave it up, and for aught we know to the contrary that obstinate woman is still shricking scissors in the ears of that miserable man.

It is now about a year since Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, then Governor of New York, became the victim of the delusion that he was to be the President of the United States. The delusion took on a chronic form and communicated itself to a large number of persons who came in daily contact with Mr. Tilden's person. As the day of the election drew near the people around Mr. Tilden began to address him as "Mr. President," and the famished ones began to talk about what they would do when Mr. Tilden was inaugurated. The impression made by the noisy and confident expressions of Mr. Tilden and his friends was that the election was to be the merest form, and that his success was a foregone conclusion. Therefore, by midnight following the day of the election, the news was telegraphed far and wide that Mr. Tilden was elected by an overwhelming majority. He had carried the solid South, he had carried Wisconsin, he had carried Ohio and Nebraska, and he had carried California and Oregon. It was a very clean sweep indeed, if the proclamations from Gramercy Park and Tammany headquarters were to be believed.

However, the old stogies knew that there was no reliable news behind this tremendous show of confidence. There was literally no news from the doubtful States, outside of New York, when the announcement of Mr. Tilden's election was so noisily and confidently made. It was preconcerted and in accordance with the Democratic purpose to claim the election from the start, and to stick to it through thick and thin. The managers, prompted by Mr. Tilden himself, probably, had provided a large number of strings for their bow. Failing before the people they laid their plans to win votes by technicalities, by bribery, and by fraud. Thirty-six hours after polls closed, it was known that the result depended upon the casting of the votes of three Southern States. And then the dispatches began to fly from Mr. Tilden's private residence to the ends of the Republic. He knew he was elected, but it was necessary to prove it; and it was proposed to prove it by purchasing Republican electors wherever such creatures could be found in the market. Money flowed like water, drafts were honored by telegraph, and the work of reform went on swimmingly. But when a man is cheating he always suspects every body else of cheating. And so Mr. Tilden entertained a suspicion that Chandler and McCormick were cheating him,

At this juncture the Democratic managers conceived the brilliant idea of seizing all the telegraphic dispatches. They knew that they were themselves cheating and so assumed that Chandler & Co. were cheating awfully. The idea ran away with them and smashed the Tilden machine into smithereens. There was cheating, to be sure, but it was all on one side; there was a big fraud somewhere, and it turned out to be Samuel J. Tilden. Then there was a scattering, but above the melee rang out Samuel's voice, stridulous and fretful—"I'm elected, but they are going to count me out." The electoral commission—another Democratic creation—met and discussed, and voted, and at last declared Hayes the coming man. And Samuel rode down the back streets of Gotham with a woeful face and cried continually—"I'm elected, and they've counted me out!" At last Samuel's shrill, piping voice seemed to be hushed. We all thought he had given up that delusion, when lo! the defeated assembled under the auspices of the "Manhattan," and the first voice that arose was Samuel's, and his words were: "they counted me out!" Poor old man! Fatal delusion! He is determined to have the last word, like the tailor's wife, and he will never open his lips again without bawling "scissors" in the ears of the American people. Still, he is only a harmless monomaniac. Let him alone.

THE *Watchman* makes an effort to screen itself from the charge made in this paper that it was nothing but a *rehash* of the Pittsburgh *Post* and New York *Sun*, and challenges us to "trot them out." A request, if we were to comply with, would occupy our space for several years to come in reprinting the *Watchman*, which we do not propose to do, nor is it pertinent to the case that we should particularize in a single instance. Every body in this community who reads the *Post* and *Sun*, especially Democrats, know that our charges are true—that the swellheads of that concern take their articles from the papers named, re-write (rehash) and publish them as original matter. They do the same thing with locals furnished this paper and published by us, which they rehash and call them original. We give them credit with one original idea, and that is the promulgation of Meekism,—which is, with them, paramount to every thing else, and the senior of that paper stands ready to sacrifice all other party interests for the sake of promoting Meekism. Try again, neighbor.

JUDGE HARDING, of the Wilkesbarre circuit, is not very complimentary to professional base ball players. At a recent session of court he took occasion to speak disapprovingly of the practice of forming stock associations and employing, at a liberal salary, experts to play base ball. He cited instances, in illustration of his statement, that to become a salaried base ball player was to enter upon a career that would eventually lead, in many cases, to a cell in the penitentiary.

Mississippi and Pennsylvania.

The contrast between the law abiding citizens of the North and the unruly citizens of the South is strikingly exemplified in the following sketch from the Philadelphia *North American* of the course of the Executives of the two states at the present time: There is a way to make justice cheap, and common, and sure, and Governor Hartranft seems to have set foot on that way. There is a way to make justice a mockery, a by-word, and a hissing, and Governor Stone, of Mississippi, appears to have adopted that method. These differing modes are characteristic of two distinct orders of civilization. The first prevails in Pennsylvania, and elsewhere in the North, and the second prevails wherever slavery cursed the land so late as fourteen years ago. Governor Hartranft has issued warrants for the execution of sixteen murderers, who will pay the penalty of their crimes during the coming summer. We cannot suppose that he has derived any pleasure from this discharge of duty. It can never be agreeable to consign any human being to an infamous death. The living and law-respecting, however, are entitled to some consideration. For several years some portions of the mining regions in this state have endured a reign of terror, instituted by a comparatively small band of thugs and conspirators. Local authority has been cowed, and justice in the local courts seemed in danger of utter collapse. A few worthless demagogues stood by, consenting to every degree of violence imaginable. But the people, tired at last, and making an earnest, concerted effort, drove these cowardly persons from the seats of power. It is now quite possible to bring an assassin to justice in the regions so lately the scene of arson, and ruffianism, and murder. Were it not, and were the Executive of Pennsylvania a sneaking coward, daring not to do his duty lest the blow might fall upon the heads of his friends, the people of this commonwealth would be regarded to-day as barbarians.

The mining regions of eastern Pennsylvania have been practically in a state of revolt against law several times within the last six years. This could not have happened had local public sentiment ruled otherwise. For there can be no continued revolt against law where public sentiment rules for law and order. It has cost the state tens of thousands to maintain order in these lawless districts. But to the credit of the Executive be it said, order has been maintained. The arrest, trial and conviction of some of the leading thugs was the beginning of a new order of affairs, and the pending execution of these assassins will prove the last sad act in the shameful drama. Sixteen executions to follow swiftly one upon the other within the space of three months do not constitute a very inspiriting outlook to people who respect the sanctity of human life. Yet it is encouraging. It is an earnest of justice to be done, however long delayed. For the honor of Pennsylvania we could wish the occasion had served elsewhere, or better still nowhere; but for that same honor, since the occasion does serve, we contemplate the prospect with a sort of grim satisfaction. We should be glad were there no crime to punish; but, since there is crime, we are very glad that it is to be punished. If the sudden taking off of a dozen desperadoes shall render life and property more secure anywhere the sacrifice is is not too great.

Let us now look at the other Governor, Governor Stone, of Mississippi. He is at the head of what by courtesy is denominated one of the patent reform governments of the fastidious South. Lately a man was hauled off to jail on a trumped up charge, the object being to get him where he could be butchered without much risk to the gallant band of two hundred butchers. He was set upon while the ward of the law of Mississippi, and he was butchered. His son, a youth of fourteen, was shot down before his eyes. His daughter was mortally wounded in trying to shield her father from the mob. His friend was shot dead in his presence also. The crime of this man was that he was a Republican. Governor Stone went to the scene of the butchery, heard the stories of all parties, and returned to Jackson dumb as the corpses of the victims of Mississippi barbarism. The whole country has been waiting for Governor Stone to take some steps to bring the butchers to justice. He has been given a good long time to comprehend that murder is not the pastime of civilized peoples, and to deliberate upon measures which shall render it not a safe business even in Mississippi. And now we hear that he thinks it better "not to stir the matter up." Very well, Governor Stone; the American people asked for your measure, and if you have given it they will soon fit you with your reputation; and it will cling to your back to the end of life.

This Mississippi government is, we conclude, one of the governments that does not need "bolstering with Federal bayonets." No, we should think not. Such a government is worth less than the pay of a common soldier for a single day. We have heard of people who brag, day in and day out, of their capability of governing themselves, have concluded that it is not good policy to punish murderers. Has the virus of the assassin poisoned the blood of all the white Democrats of Mississippi? And is Governor Stone afraid to vitalize the penal code? If he is afraid, had he not better get out of the way and let a full-grown man assume the responsibility? Is that the full pattern of a man in Mississippi? We have some rather worthless Democrats here, but not many so irreclaimably worthless as that. Pennsylvania has had a few ordinary Governors, but not one so ordinary as this Governor Stone. So far as we know no associate of assassins has ever been Governor of Pennsylvania, and we are quite sure that were any Governor of Pennsylvania to surrender to a mob of assassins he would be impeached at once. We are not much on chivalry up here, but there are a few who are not too cowardly to do their duty.

Another Charlie Ross Sensation.

The New York *Evening Express* published a statement of a prominent detective that Charlie Ross was stolen in order to be palmed off as a son of an aristocratic English family, whose child, who inherited great wealth, had died. Charlie Ross is said to resemble the dead boy in every respect. The story goes on to say that the Ross family subsequently became acquainted with the history of his abduction, and consented to the scheme in view of the child's brilliant prospects, all efforts to regain him being merely to blind the public.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Poetry.

"God Knows."

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from deep to deep.
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from the stern embrace.

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carven words—"God Knows!"

To a Gorilla in a Menagerie.

BY W. F. CLARKE.

"O mighty ape!
Half beast, half man,
Thy uncouth shape,
Betrays a plan
The gulf of Being at a bound to span.
Thou art the link between ourselves and brutes
Lifting the lower to the higher plane;
Thy human face all cavilers refutes,
Who sneer at Darwin as a dreamer vain.
How camest thou beneath this canvas tent?
Within this cage? behind these bars?
Thou, whose young days in tropic lands were spent,
With strange companions, under foreign stars?
Art thou not lonely? what is life to thee
Thus mewed in prison, innocent of crime,
Become a spectacle for crowds to see,
And reckless boys to jeer at all the time?
Hast thou no feelings such as we possess?
Art thou devoid of any sense of shame?
Rise up, O brother, and thy wrongs redress;
Rise in thy might, and be no longer tame!"

I paused in my apostrophe; the animal arose;
He seized the bars that penned him in; my blood in terror froze;
He shook the cage from side to side; the frightened people fled;
Then in a tone of savage wrath the horrid monster said:
"I'm hired by the wake to wear the dhirty craythur's shkin;
I come from Tipperary, and me name is Micky Flynn."

The Sulky Oleander.

Little Oleander slip,
Cut from the mother tree,
Was about as disagreeable
As a little slip could be.
Didn't like her pot of earth;
Said she wouldn't grow;
This was very naughty,
And foolish, too, you know.

Little Oleander slip
A drink of water had;
Didn't do her any good;
Continued to be bad.
Sulky Oleander
Hung her little head,
And drooping over sidewise,
Pretended she was dead.

But it wasn't any good
Playing such a trick;
Tied up Oleander
To a little stick;
Shut her in a closet,
Very dark, you know,
Till she made her mind up
To be good and grow.

Darkness has a good effect
On Oleander's head;
What's the use of acting so!"
To herself she said.
Straightened up her wilting stalk;
Really tried to smile;
Guess we'll have to let her out
In a little while.

Morning bright and sunny,
Air so fresh and pure;
Oleander's had enough
Of closet, I am sure.
"Be good, Oleander!"
"Yes," I heard her say;
And she's kept her promise
From that very day

Other little flowers
Sometimes act just so,
And in darkened closets
Often have to go.
There in calm reflection,
It will not be strange
If a short confinement
Works a wondrous change.

—*Nursery.*

Our Story Teller.

The Old Well.

I was a bold and fearless girl, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened that they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety.

We lived in a large old house, built of oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the South, the two large parlors looking to the east and west. The dining hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west and back were the dairy and another porch. There were three stairways, leading to the upper rooms and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre.

We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and given God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove around to the front door on the southern side.

It was a summer day, and warm, bright and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast a merry party came riding down the lane in carriages and on horseback, and yelling joyously for my father and mother to join them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity and gaily answered that they would soon be ready. It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him, the night before, counting it out, and putting it in another bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beautiful and rich dress, that so became her.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half wished that I was old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual—a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the same wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest and if I would kindly give him something to eat. Of course I said yes, and with quick steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread and cheese, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsey and Hannah were busy hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to spend the evening. They talked gaily about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald and the thinnish hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead and large mouth, with a receding chin, where grew a stubby beard of grizzly black like his hair. I don't know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him, when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features. He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal and risen to go. He then asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered a moment or two. He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half-holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should call for them. I expected my father and mother soon after 8 o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain. Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled sullenly. He took the covered wagon and the old gray, and, before he stepped in, he said:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the door, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would you not rather that I should wait until your father comes home?"

"Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being left alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than three miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave you out in it a minute. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors, because he had told me to, for otherwise I would not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went out to the parlor and looked to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the falling darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with natural vanity, for I was young and fair to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose and wound it in long, shining curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell. There came a great flash of lightning, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in at the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither moved nor screamed. The face did not see my face, and I kept my body still and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass I went steadily toward the table that stood near the window, and on which I had left the candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water pitcher and looked in, and then took up my candle and went toward the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the hearth and put my foot on the wick. I set the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the top of the stairs. I unlocked the box, took out the bags of gold, relocked the box and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices. I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor go faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person entered in at it. I felt about in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it, and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me, lest it might be caught and the door not closed tightly.

Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought every bound must be audible; heard voices—one voice, the Raven's—I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing—the face had told me all. The man must have learned in some unaccountable way of the bags of gold, and learned too, when here in the morning, that I was to be alone. It was all plain to me now. He had returned and brought accomplices. My peril was terribly imminent. Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish plainly the words that were spoken:

"Drat her! She must have seen you!"

"No matter; we'll split the box open with this axe."

I knew the axe was in the little porch. Thomas had set it there when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and had found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now hunt for me. I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separately. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board separated us. I thanked God that the panel was shut close. I knew it, for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her."

"I'll warrant that she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended and the voices very, very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal terror. It was with great effort that I kept from screaming.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something."

"Curse the silver! It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! then the rats will squeak. Down drop the money-bags, and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him? He's only one; a bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes."

"And his wife?"

They spoke low hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold and bid them go. They got up, and the steps and the voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling. I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the road and meet my father. I would save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down, down into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly. I lifted myself to the window edge, and caught a branch of a cherry tree which grew close to the side of the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground, safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked hoarsely:—

"There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out of the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to throw them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided solely by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried the Raven.

My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths, and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hillside, over the fields. No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly; I stood in the road and cried:—"Father! Father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise stopped also. It was our next neighbor's who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child! Good Heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a very few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger, because Tom had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father, I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place. My father was brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but nothing moved. All was still. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said my father.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"Let us reconnoiter then a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool-house. They went all around the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hands clasped in my mother's and my frame trembling with fright.

"Tom is coming!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us. He drove through and called out:—

"What's the matter?"

We told him sufficiently, and he left Betsey and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip. We did not wait long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found?" "Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver and a few other things."

The horses were put under the shed, and all went in. Father said calmly:—

"We'll take a lantern, Thomas, and look around out doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved. In a few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across the barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who had fallen in the well, had shot him through the head as he plunged down through the boards. His ugly face was uglier. It was the Raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped. I was never left at home alone again.

Tudie's Pilgrimage.

Nobody wanted Tudie at home, for that was one of his "bad days." He "oiled" his hair with maple molasses, and scraped the bread dough all out of the pan to make into "Plaster-Paris Images" with his little, fat, dirty hands.

He tried to wind up the clock when it hadn't run down, and wanted to make the kitty eat lettuce, and "weeded" the flowers all out of mamma's flower beds. Then he cried when his mamma wanted him to pick up chips, and he wouldn't hunt eggs, nor drive the old hen out of the front yard. O yes! that was a bad, cross, snarled-up day for Tudie. So his mamma tied his old sunbonnet on his head, and fastened up his plaid skirt a little better, and started him off to his Aunt Hattie's.

Tudie had to wear a sunbonnet to keep his skin white—only on Sunday he didn't wear one—but he was a real boy anyhow. He could whistle "Dare to to Right" beautifully, and he was only five years old. I like to hear boys whistle, out-doors. I want *you* to learn to whistle, and make it ring out as clear and sweet and rich as a bird's voice. It'll make you have strong lungs, and glorious, big, broad shoulders, and help keep your heart sound and cheery, too. But I must go on telling about Tudie. He started off to his Aunt Hattie's, taking just as long steps as ever he could, because he wanted to walk like his Uncle Joe. I don't believe he was one bit ashamed of his old sunbonnet, and he kept whistling, "Dare to do Right," just as clear and loud as if he hadn't dared to do wrong the whole morning.

When he got to his Aunt Hattie's, she wasn't at home. At least Tudie couldn't find her; but boys aren't a bit good at hunting for anybody. Aunt Hattie wasn't in the kitchen. But the work was all done, and Tudie was glad of that. He never liked to be where work was—it seemed so hard to keep out of the way. I've felt that way myself. Haven't you? But it isn't the way to feel. *We* ought to help, too, and not bother.

It was very cool and clean in Aunt Hattie's kitchen. Even the old moon-faced clock seemed to tick serenely, "The work's done up! the work's done up!" and even the high, old chairs, set back against the wall, looked as if they were taking a good rest. The sunshine came through the door, and lay in a long, golden stream across the white, scrubbed floor. You could see yourself in the brass candlesticks on the mantel. You could smell the pies and cake and doughnuts in the pantry. And there was a big bunch of sweet cabin roses and June grass in a pitcher on the table; and that was always a sign that Aunt Hattie's work was done. Tudie didn't feel like getting into any more mischief right away, so he sat down in the door in the yellow sunshine to wait for Aunt Hattie. But she stayed away such a long, long time, and Tudie got so lonesome and tired, he didn't know what to do with himself.

"Mamma says I'm an old Bother," he said out loud, with his chin all in a quiver. "I know she doesn't want me till the housework's done, every speck. I wish Aunt Hattie'd come and tell me that story 'bout Christian, that part 'bout when he went through the deep, deep river, and the angels came down to meet him, with their faces all a shining like gold, and you could hear the music up in the city. That's the end of the story. I like that part the best. Wish 't I was a Christian. I'd like to fight an old dragon and beat him, like Christian did. I'd like to go to see the good King up in the Golden City. I guess the angels would help me through the river, being I'm so little.

Tudie stopped there, and looked to see if Aunt Hattie was coming. But she wasn't. Then he went on talking. He had a habit of thinking out loud to himself, under his old sunbonnet, like a little, crazy boy.

"I wonder if I could get to the Beautiful Golden City, if I'd start?" he said. "I haven't any burden on my back, like Christian had, and I haven't got any roll in my bosom, either; but I guess they'll let me in. I'll promise not to bother. And then, when I get there, I'll write a letter to mamma, and tell her how beautiful it is, and ask her to come too, and bring papa and Aunt Hattie and everybody."

So Tudie ran down the path and forgot to shut the gate after him when he went out. It was grand to be a pilgrim at first. Everybody seemed to know Tudie, and they all nodded and laughed and said, "Good morning, Tudie! How are you, Tudie?" For you see they thought he was just going down town for a stick of candy, or a button for somebody's button string. But by and by nobody seemed to be acquainted with Tudie, and sometimes big, hurrying men jostled him off the sidewalk; and some naughty boys pulled his sunbonnet, and called him "sissy;" and some women, sitting in a front door, screamed out, "O, there's a little runaway!" And then they caught him by the shoulder, and said, "We'd give it to you if we was your mother!" They asked him what his name was, but Tudie wouldn't tell, and they did not care much, anyhow, so they let him go on. And O, it was such a long, weary, hot way to go; it seemed to Tudie, by and by, that one of his feet wouldn't go one step farther, and then it seemed as if the other wouldn't, but he thought maybe pretty soon he would come to the House Beautiful, it told about in the story, and there he could rest and stay all night—only it made his throat ache to think about going to bed without any good-night kiss. And then he thought how mamma's work would be all done, and she'd be looking out the door at the dark, and wondering why Tudie didn't come. And then his throat ached harder than ever, and the hot tears got into his eyes; and so he sat down on a shady, old cellar door, that reached out into the street, to wait till he got done crying. But when Tudie got done crying he forgot to go any farther. He had his sunbonnet drawn over his little, fat, flushed face, and he was fast asleep on the old cellar door, when his own papa came to find him. Because, when afternoon came, his mother went over to his Aunt Hattie's after him, and when she found he wasn't there, she was terribly frightened, and they all hunted and hunted for him, and then they sent for his papa, and he hunted till he found him.

And when Tudie woke up, there he was, on his own soft, white bed, in the little, cool bedroom at home; and he could smell the sweet-briar by the window, and see the redbirds in the apple tree. He thought he'd come to the House Beautiful, at first, when he was rubbing his eyes; but there was his mamma bending over him, with her fair, loving face, and she had on the nice, pink wrapper that she always rested in; so Tudie knew the work was all done, and it wasn't the House Beautiful at all, and he was so glad to see his mamma, he just reached up and put his arms around her neck and kissed her, and held her so tight, to show her how much he loved her. Then he told her how he had started to be a pilgrim, like Christian, but he couldn't find any lions in the way, nor any dragons either; and it was such a long, hot road to go, and his feet ached so, he thought he never, never could get to the Shining City.

And then his mamma sat down by him and told him how he could be a real, little pilgrim, and not go away from papa and mamma at all. Just by trying as hard as ever he could to be real good as long as he lived. But Tudie wanted to know how he could fight a dragon? And then his mamma told him that the dragon meant the "naughty" in his heart, and whenever he *would* be good in spite of it he gained a victory over the cruel, old dragon. And she said that when the story tells about Christian going through the deep, dark river, it means he was dying; and if Tudie tried very hard to be good, when he died the angels would come and take him to heaven, to be with the Saviour always; for He is the Glorious King that Christian went to see. And Tudie was so glad that that was what it all meant. It seemed so much sweeter to stay home with mamma and be good, than to trudge such a long, weary way alone.

Dear, little Bright-eyes, I hope you're a real, little pilgrim. I do wish I could get hold of you; I know I could get the sweetest kiss in the world, and then we'd talk about being pilgrims. Because I'm trying to be a pilgrim, too; and sometime I hope you and Tudie and I will all be together up in heaven with the dear Saviour.

Our Butterfly.

In Charlie's rambles about the farm he came across a little, brown bundle fastened nicely to one of the fruit trees, and thinking it an odd looking thing, brought it to the house for inspection It was nicely sealed up, but he soon managed to tear the outside covering a little, and peeping in saw only an ugly worm.

"Ugh! it's alive!" he cried with an air of disgust.

"Put it on the shelf, Charlie, where it's nice and warm," I said, "and by-and-by a beautiful butterfly will come from that shell."

So we laid it away carefully, and thought very little more about it until one day in February, A—— was sitting on the sofa underneath the shelf, when something fell down plump beside her, and she was not a little startled to see it begin to crawl.

"O it's our butterfly!" she cried in an ecstacy, and then there was a general scramble to see it.

What a beauty it was; its body gorgeously striped with crimson and gold, and *such* lovely wings, brown and golden, bordered with alternate stripes of black, white and red, and in each corner a half moon of golden brown and white.

We placed it carefully in a south window, on our prettiest hanging basket, one that has seemed to breathe out its very life in blossoms for us all through this long winter, and there the bright sunshine and gay flowers coaxed it into the belief that summer had really come. So it smoothed out its rumpled wings, and seemed to grow more and more beautiful every moment. It was like some great flower blossoming out, slowly unfolding its feathery wings in the sunlight like a tulip in spring time.

The transformation was so wonderful we could hardly believe our eyes, to think that ugly worm should be wise enough to wrap itself in its own winding sheet after making a wonderfully ingenious house of leaves, woven together nobody knows how, then closing it so as to be snug and tight, it goes to its long sleep in darkness and alone, and then coming forth a light and airy butterfly.

"Why mamma," asked little Grace, "is that the way we shall get our wings? Will they grow while we are asleep under the ground?"

"Not precisely in that way, but it will give us some faint idea of the glorious change from these diseased, pain-racked bodies to the light, ethereal ones that will float on through eternity without a thought of weariness, or a wave of care to disturb the sweet serenity of our lives."

Do you ever think of this wonderful change, dear children?—of our going home to those heavenly mansions that Christ has prepared for those who love him?

We are apt to think of heaven as a shadowy, far-off place, with very little that is real or tangible about it; a sort of dream-land to which some time in the misty future we may go, when we may bring it so near that there will only seem to be a door between us and it, and that standing ajar, so that at times we get faint glimpses of its exceeding beauty.

The nearer we live to Christ the nearer heaven will seem to us, and then if we live near to Christ we shall want to work for him, and work will be a pleasure, not a cross. Sometime I want to

tell you how even little children may work for Christ, weaving this work into their every day life, not putting it on like a garment with your Sunday suit, and then laying it away through the week. Christian religion is for every day life. We need it to live by, and by-and-by when death comes, as it comes to all, we shall feel like children after a long, wearisome journey, that say joyfully, I am almost home.—*Evangelist.*

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin, Cecilia.

"No; look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing, in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud:

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: Jan. 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly. "Well," he observed, turning the leaf down, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again if I only look over my book."—[New Jerusalem Messenger.

There was an interview at the White House this morning, which was not down on the books. The sable knight of the pasteboards had carried in a bushel of cards, more or less, and was engaged in his diurnal effort to keep good natured a room full of office-seekers, all of whom wanted to go in first. The President within was undergoing his daily torment. To him, perspiring and sighing for a breeze, came a card bearing this superscription: "Charles Backus and wife." The fame of the minstrel was talismanic. "Admit him," said the the President, and Charley, round formed and jolly, rolled in. "No, I don't want an office, Mr. President," said Charley, after being duly presented, "I've come to do you a favor." The President sighed a sigh of relief, in two minutes had forgotten the cares of office, and was laughing at some of Charley's impromptu minstrelsy. A dozen poor but proud gentlemen from the South stood about saying: "Be Gawd, sah, what a letting down of official dignity, sah. It is disgraceful, sah!" But Charley joked and the President laughed. "Well, Mr. President," said the jolly minstrel, rising to go at last, "there's a box at the theatre at your service." "Mr. Backus," replied his Excellency, evidently speaking from the bottom of his heart, "I would go and see you three nights in succession if I could get the time;" and he looked at the impatient waiters within and without. "Come if you can," said Charley, bowing himself out, and vowing as he departed that he had never seen so many seedy-looking generals and colonels in shiny black cloths gathered together before in one place in his life.—[Washington Star.

DISREPUTABLE HOUSE PULLED.—For some time past the ranche kept by H. F. Baker and wife on Sixteenth street, above the White Hall, has been an eye-sore to the respectable and virtuous people residing in that neighborhood, and anathemas loud and deep have been heaped upon the den. On information made by Constable Shollenberger before the Mayor, the police force of the city on Wednesday night of last week made a descent upon Baker's premises, capturing the proprietor and three inmates, named respectively Mary E. Rodeniser, Lucy Butler and Carrie Evans. Mrs. Baker was not disturbed on account of a sick child. The parties arrested were taken to the lock-up and confined, preliminary to a hearing, which was accorded them on Thursday. Baker, in default of $1200 bail, was sent to jail, as was Lucy Butler and Carrie Evans, who were now so destitute of friends and admirers that $200 could not be risked for their appearance at court. Mary Ellen Rodeniser was released on her own recognizance to appear at the July session. Since Baker has been landed in prison he threatens revelations unless he is permitted to go "scot free." Let him revelate, rather than justice should not have her perfect work in his case. If there have been persons visiting his infamous abode whose exposure would hurt them in the eyes of the community, it is better they suffer than a whole neighborhood should be poisoned by the impure atmosphere which emanates from houses like Baker's, to say nothing of the depreciation of property occasioned by their location in respectable quarters of the city.—*Altoona Tribune.*

"What makes your bread so dark?" inquired the lady of the house of the cook. "If you please, marm, it's because it was baked in cloudy weather," was the reply.

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Hop Culture. By 9 experienced cultivators	30
Hunter and Trapper	1 00
Miles on the Horse's Foot	75
Mohr on the Grape-Vine	1 00
Monckton's National Carpenter and Joiner	6 00
Monckton's National Stair-Builder	6 00
My Vineyard at Lakeview	1 25
Nichol's Chemistry of the Farm and Sea	1 25
Norton's Scientific Agriculture	75
Onions—How to Raise them Profitably	20
Our Farm of Four Acres. Paper 30 cents; cloth 60 cts; extra cloth	1 00
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THOMAS H. RHOADS

is prepared to do

PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention. ☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. v8n12-1y

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-1y.

Wilson & Macfarlane.—Hardware.

P. B. WILSON. ROBT. MACFARLANE.

NEW AND CHEAP HARDWARE STORE.

We have opened an **Entire New and Fresh Stock** of all kinds of Goods kept in a Hardware store. Having purchased from First Hands, at Factory Prices, and part being bought at Bankrupt Sale for Cash, we are enabled to sell at extremely low prices, which we are positively doing. Our stock of

RANGES, HEATERS, PARLOR & COOK STOVES

are Guaranteed to give satisfaction. **Prices Greatly Reduced.** We have a great variety of

House Furnishing Hardware,

Wood and Willow Ware, Oil Carpet of all widths, Window Shades, Picture Mouldings, Frames made to Order, Mirror Plate and Mirrors.

Also, Children's Perambulators, Buggies, Waggons, wheelbarrows, Etc. We have a nea stock of TOY FURNITURE FOR CHILDREN, such as Bureaus, Cupboards, Tubs, Wash Sets, Chairs, Trunks, Hoops, Etc.

TO PAINTERS.—Our PURE LEAD, manufactured by Armstrong & McKelvy surpasses all other Leads, in Quality for Whiteness, Covering Properties and Durability. We guarantee it Strictly Pure. Each keg warranted. Colors of all kinds prepared for Ready Use. Also, all kinds of Varnishes, Linseed, Neatsfoot, Lard, Whale, Lubricating and Coal Oils.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

Plows, Cultivators, Shovel Plows, Cultivator Teeth, Grain Cradles, Rakes, Shovels, Forks, Etc.

BLACKSMITH TOOLS, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Horse Shoes, Horse Nails—Iron, Steel, Etc., of all kinds and Sizes.

COACH AND WAGONMAKERS will do well to call and examine our stock of Wood Work, as we have selected with great care, and of a superior article, which we will sell at the very bottom Prices.

TO BUILDERS.—Our stock is large and embraces everything needed in building, Locks, Hinges, Glass, Putty, Nuts, Bolts, Chisels, Planes, Mill and Cut Saws, Hand, Pannel and Whip Saws, made by Disston, the Champion Saw maker of the world.

SADDLERS' GOODS.—A complete assortment. We will sell at reduced prices, (qua to city rates.

We have in connection a TIN SHOP, conducted by Mr. E. A. SMITH, with a ll kinds of Tin Ware on hand. Orders left for Roofing, Spouting, Repairing, promptly attended to All work warranted of the very best.

We are determined not to be undersold. We will satisfy the people that we will substantiate what we advertise. Call, as we will take pleasure in showing our goods. Orders will receive our immediate attention—goods delivered at the depot same day.

Rooms Nos. 7 & 8 Humes's Block

9 14 tf 6 Doors North of Post-office.

WILSON & MACFARLANE.

Professional Cards.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa Office on High St. ja4'71-tf.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. oct27'70-tf.

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office in his new building, north side and opposite the Court House. 8-1-tf

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney-at-Law, office on High Street, second door from First National Bank. 8-4.-tf

W. A. MORRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa. v6n1-1y

BLANCHARD.....E. M. BLANCHARD.

E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny street, Bellefont Pa. v6-1-1y.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of Brockerhoff House, next door to Centre County Banking Co, 5-17-1y

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reynolds & Co 's Bank. v6n1-1y.

JOHN H. ORVIS, C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWERS.

ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office north-east cor of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank 7-1-1y

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorney's at law. Office on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

JOHN I. IRWIN, Attorney-at-law. Office North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections carefully attended to, and remittances promptly made.

A. A. DALE, Attorney at Law, Boulder City, Colorado. Money loans negotiated at 10 per cent. per annum. Interest paid semi-annually if desired. Loans secured by first lien on good real estate at one-half its actual value. Commissions paid by borrower Investments made in first-class gold and silver mining property. 9n30-1y

Banks and Bankers.

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.

BANKERS,
LEMONT CENTRE CO., PA.
v6n1-1y

E. C. HUMES, Pres't.....J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6n1-1y.

Physicians and Dentists.

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanently located in Bellefonte, and may be found at all times at his office (and residence) in the "Turner Building," on Allegheny st., first door North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store. 7-13-tf

H. H. MOTHERSBAUGH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Calls promptly attended to day or night. Office at his drug store, in Beech Creek, Clinton county, Pa. Also dealer in pure drugs and medicines, fancy and toilet articles, etc. v7n41-1y*

DR. J. B. LAIRD, OF MILESBURG, A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having had an experience of over twenty years in civil and military practice, offers his professional services to the public.

☞ Female Complaints and Chronic Diseases made a specialty. v8n1-1y

DR. E. I. KIRK.

GEO. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is now permanently located in Bellefonte, at his residence on the corner of High and Allegheny streets Having practiced 11 years, is prepared now to do work in the latest improved style. 8-23-1y

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO. PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop't.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

FOURTH ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-tf

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimate showing cost of advertising. 8lotf

Plaster.

PLASTER AT REDUCED PRICES.

Shortlidge & Co.

announce that they are selling the celebrated Cayuga Plaster at reduced prices. They also make a liberal discount to farmers and others buying in full car loads. Where farmers join to buy car loads, full weight will be given and no charge for re-weighing. We have the very best evidence that

THE CAYUGA IS NOT EXCELLED

by any other plaster in use for Agricultural purposes. The

PRICE BEING THE LOWEST

makes it most profitable for farmers' use. 9-10-tf

Merchant Tailors.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by

WM. McCLELLAN,

a most complete stock of

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

He also keeps on hand a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloth for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a fu assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. McCLELLAN,

No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.

5-13—tf

Dyeing.

DYEING!

Mrs. Susannah Shope,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

will receive Cloths and Dress Goods, and Articles of Clothing, and Dye them

Any Color to Suit the Owner.

SILK DYEING MADE A SPECIALTY.

Persons wishing dyeing will please send for samples. Residence near the Union Cemetery. 9 10 1y

Furniture Rooms.

FURNITURE WAREROOM.

Howard Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

BUREAUS,
SOFAS,
LOUNGES,
HAT RACKS,
WHAT-NOTS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
CHAIRS,
STANDS,
STOOLS, &c.

of every description, quality and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn'a.

UNDERTAKER.

Ready-made Coffins, of 1 sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also coffins manufactured to order.

v6-n10-tf H. P. HARRIS.

DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PERIODICAL PILLS are the surest and safest remedy for ladies in delicate health. 9-1-6m

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 8lotf

PATENTS!

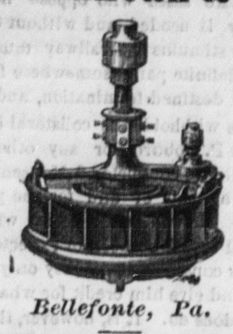
Free Reduced. Entire Cost $35.

Patent Office fee $35 in advance, balance $20 within six months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
19 3m Washington, D. C.

Foundries.

W. P. Duncan & Co,



Bellefonte, Pa.

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

BELLEFONTE

PATENT WATER WHEEL,

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

ROLLING MILL

AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

v5n46a812-1y

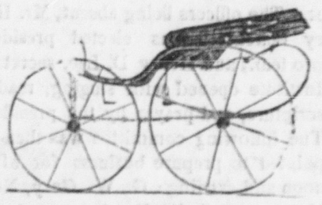
Carriages.

REMOVAL.

EDWARD A. BULLOCK & CO,

MILESBURG.

MANUFACTURERS OF



BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS,

AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,

and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, **As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best.**

7-23-1y

GO TO

J. R. BARTROFF

FOR FINE

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.

Repairing promptly and neatly done at reasonable rates. 22-3m

E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

WILLIAM S. GALBRAITH,

PLUMBER,

GAS & STEAM FITTER.

We pay particular attention to heating buildings by steam. Copper smithing and re-bronzing old gas fixtures done nicely and expeditiously. All our work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

W. S. GALBRAITH,
Bellefonte, Pa.

7-1y

Bakeries.

BREAD EATERS, ATTEN

Mr. Albert Kauth,

AT THE

Bishop St. Bakery,

is now making the VERY BEST

Bread, Cakes and Pies,

in Bellefonte. Mr. Kauth makes the very best BRETZELS in the county, and is able to supply all demands for that article.

Candies & Confections

of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Jellies and everything good.

ICE CREAM!

An excellent ice cream saloon also attached to the bakery. Call and see me.

8-22-1y ALBERT KAUTH.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT of the Receipts and Expenditures of the Spring School District, Centre county, Pa., for the year ending June 4, 1877.

RECEIPTS.

Gross amount of tax duplicate for school purposes	$3,078 15
Balance on hand from last year	678 93
State appropriation	203 88
Unseated land tax	83 94
Balance due from Benner twp	61 64
Total amount	$4,306 54

EXPENDITURES.

Teachers' salaries	$2,635 00
Fuel and contingencies	719 04
Exonerations	36 72
Treasurer and collectors' fees	293 95
Total expenses	$3,084 71
Balance on hand	$1,251 83

JOHN J. MUSSER, President.
P. N. BARNHART, Sec'y. 23-3t

Watches.

WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired upon shortest notice. v6n7-n06-tf

ESTABLISHED 1865.

American and Foreign Patents.

GILMORE & CO., successors to CHAPMAN, HOSMER & Co., Solicitors. Patents procured in all countries, No fees in advance. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office, Extensions before Congress, Infringement suits in different states, and all litigation appertaining to Inventions or Patents. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co. for pamphlet of sixty pages.

Old Bounty Land Warrants.

The last Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office shows 2,897,500 acres of Bounty Land Warrants outstanding. These were issued under act of 1855 and prior acts. Gilmore & Co. pay cash for them. Send by registered letter. Where assignments are imperfect we give instructions to perfect them.

United States General Land Office.

Contested land cases prosecuted before the United States General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private land claims, mining and pre-emption claims and homestead cases attended to.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

Officers, soldiers, and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

Pensions.

All officers, soldiers, and sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Cases prosecuted by Gilmore & Co. before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, and the Southern Claims Commission.

Each department of our business is conducted in a separate bureau, under the charge of the same experienced parties employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to Gilmore & Co. is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it.

Address Gilmore & Co.,
47-4t WASHINGTON, D. C.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner which might be considered almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all lung complaints, I fell it my duty to make it known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe; will be sent FREE TO ALL. Address at once, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.; or may be had of C. H. ELAE & BRO., Druggists, Milesburg, Pa. 9-11 1y

DIVORCES

Legally and quietly obtained in every State and Territory, for Incompatibility and other causes, no matter where the party resides. 13 years experience. Fee after decree. All letters confidential. Address A. J. DEXTER Att'y, Rooms 8 & 9, 132 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Unquestionable references given. Correspondence with the legal profession invited. 13 4m

JOHN H. MORRISON,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Representing for local business a number of the best and safest companies doing business in Centre county, and persons wanting either Fire or Life Insurance will do well to give him a call.

Office in the Conrad House with DAVID W. FONTNEY, Esq.

BELLEFONTE, April 5, 1877. 14-6m

Scales.

FAIRBANKS'

Standard Scales,

Made with the Latest and most Valuable Improvements.

SCALES THE WORLD'S STANDARD.

RECEIVED HIGHEST MEDALS AT

World's Fair, London, 1851	World's Fair, Vienna, 1873.
World's Fair, N. Y., 1853	World's Fair, Santiago (Chili) 1875
World's Fair, Paris, 1867	World's Fair, Phila., 1876

ALSO

COFFEE & SPICE MILLS, TEA & COFFEE CANS, STORE TRUCKS, &c.

Agents for Miles's Alarm Money Drawers.

FAIRBANKS & EWING,
21-3m. 715 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Cattle Powders.

FOUTZ'S

CELEBRATED

Horse and Cattle Powders.

This preparation, long and favorably known, will thoroughly re-invigorate broken down and low-spirited horses, by strengthening and cleansing the stomach and intestines.

It is a sure preventive of all diseases incident to this animal, such as LUNG FEVER, GLANDERS, YELLOW WATER, HEAVES, COUGHS, DISTEMPER, FEVERS, FOUNDER, LOSS OF APPETITE AND VITAL ENERGY, &c. Its use improves the wind, increases the appetite—gives a smooth and glossy skin—and transforms the miserable skeleton into a fine-looking and spirited horse.

To keepers of Cows this preparation is invaluable. It is a sure preventive against Rinderpest, Hollow Horn, etc. It has been proven by actual experiment to increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent. and make the butter firm and sweet. In fattening cattle, it gives them an appetite, loosens their hide, and makes them thrive much faster.

In all diseases of Swine, such as Coughs, Ulcers in the Lungs, Liver, &c., this article acts as a specific. By putting from one-half a paper to a paper in a barrel of swill the above diseases will be eradicated or entirely prevented. If given in time, a certain preventive and cure for the Hog Cholera.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the United States, Canada and South America.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

OUR TERMS.
FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

at the following rates.
One year in advance.....$2.00
If not paid within 6 months.....2.50
If not paid for until expiration of year..3.00

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, nless otherwise agreed upon.

Papers will not be sent out of Centre county *unless paid for in advance.*

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding lines this type, $8,00 per annum.

All Advertisements for a less term than three months, 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos	1 year.
inch(12 lin'this type)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$12 00
Two inches.....	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches.....	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches.....	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column.....	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column.....	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column.....	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

Advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes Paper-books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications, relating to business, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.
Bellefonte Pa

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

J. Weaver & Co., Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 11, '77.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—As you have been so kind as to insert our reply to Mr. Meek's slander, and later to speak of his second attack on us (which we have never seen) we enclose you a letter just received by us from the Messrs. Montooth & Bro., which, we think, will show plainly what Mr. Meek's own attorneys think of it. In our former statement we fully explained our proposition, and when it is shown by Messrs. Montooth & Bro. that Mr. Meek's claim was for four times the amount due him, from an itemized statement furnished by us, and which Mr. Meek could not contradict when sent to him, but returned it as correct by accepting it. However, be this as it may—though we hold a receipt in full for amount in full—yet we will agree that for any item omitted by us in this statement, that we will agree to pay five prices for it or them, when Mr. Meek furnishes them to us.

J. WEAVER & CO.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 11, 1877.

MESSRS. J. WEAVER & CO:—*Gentlemen*:—In reply to your communication relative to claim held against you by Mr. Meek, we can only say that a claim was placed in our hands for collection, amounting to $15. Your firm disputed the amount and made out a statement of the claim, as appeared from your books to be due of $11.94. This was accepted by the attorneys, through whom we received the claim, and was promptly paid by you. Yours truly,

E. A. MONTOOTH & BRO.

[In our dealings with the firm of J. Weaver & Co. we have always found them willing to do as they agreed. We are free to confess that we do not, or are not willing to, accept the prices offered by agents for advertising, and for that reason seldom solicit their patronage. What we have accepted from Weaver & Co. we have taken out in printing material, and have always found them ready to fill our orders, even when they exceeded in amount our account. If all the papers throughout the State would accept no advertising from any greater frauds than this firm, they would show their good sense and their business would be benefitted. All we have got to say is that if the papers do not trust any worse frauds than J. Weaver & Co. they will not lose much money.—ED.]

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—We, the people of Millheim, are on the point of realizing our fondest hopes, inasmuch as the long-looked-for cars have made their appearance at Coburn Station, and even some freight has arrived, Hon. W. K. Alexander having received a leave from Philadelphia. As might be expected, this has caused joy throughout the lower end of Pennsvalley, and that feeling of happiness would be complete if only some of the stockholders, and some others, were not so willfully blind—if only they could be prevailed upon to see things in a proper light, and to look at things from a reasonable standpoint of view.

The principal cause of complaint seems to be the "might be stopping" at Spring Mills, and the employing of certain officers. Certainly we can't say to the P. R. R. Co. "go so far and no farther;" and if the company concludes to push matters to speedy completion they will be acting in accordance with the will of the people; and if not, then we can say that things will not be as some might wish them. But that is not my point in view. I do not intend to discuss the actions of that body (the P. R. R. Co.).

Some idiotic maniacs in Penn township have seen fit to censure the conduct of that estimable gentleman Hon. James P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg, Pa., one of the directors of the L., C. & S. C. R. R. They undoubtedly are aware of the fact that all Mr. C.'s efforts, and the entire weight of his influence, are for the welfare of Penn. He is not desirous of having the road stop at Spring Mills, and never was. He has striven strenuously to have the railroad finished on through, only he knows, just as well as the consummate asses who oppose him, that money is needed, and without this necessary stimulus the railway must make an indefinite pause somewhere far short of its destined termination, and if the parties withhold the collateral how can James P. Coburn, or any other man, have things completed? Nonsense! Mr. C. is a man of and for the people at large. He will do for them what any mortal would be able or expected to do for his constituency, if they only support him and give him credit for what he actually does do. It is, however, the avowed principle of many parties here to, as soon as they see a man going down hill, give him a kick and a shove, so as to expedite his progress. But please bear in mind, ye despoilers, that James P. Coburn can be neither kicked nor pushed without resenting it. They also charge Mr. C. with nepotism. This is entirely too transparent and is not worth mentioning. One more sweet morsel under the antagonistic tongue is to have the station called Coburn. Now, gentlemen, Mr. C. never asked for that honor—it was tendered him as a mark of respect by a higher authority.

Now, I am done, only I would caution certain parties to be careful and not condemn an innocent man, or I will expose them personally. Mr. Coburn was re-elected to the directorship without the least show of opposition, which virtually proves his popularity, honor and honesty as a guardian of the people's interests, Long may he flourish, a terror to his enemies, and a stern, inexorable defender of the rights of his friends. Adieu,

WYOMING.

Millheim, June 16, 1877.

Sunday-School Institute.

The Benner township Sunday-school Institute convened at Kephart's church on Saturday, 9th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. The officers being absent, Mr. Henry Eckenroth was elected president, pro tem., and Henry D. Lee, secretary. Institute opened with singing, reading scripture, and prayer by the president. The following committee was then appointed to prepare business for afternoon and evening: G. W. Gray, Noah Musser, and G. W. Rumberger, who reported the following programme: Half-past one o'clock, devotional exercises; half-past two o'clock, childrens' meeting; half-past three o'clock, recess; four o'clock, discussion; question—"What benefit are Lesson Leaves to a Sunday-school?" to be opened by Mr. D. H. Hastings; five o'clock, adjournment; half-past seven o'clock, discussion; question—"How can we make our Sunday-schools so interesting as to secure prompt and regular attendance by both scholars and parents?" opened by S. Durbin Gray, Esq., the whole of the excercises to be interspersed with music; adjourned to meet at the hour fixed by the committee.

Afternoon Institute opened by singing; prayer by the president, and followed by Peter S. Mayes, Wm. B. Morris, L. B. McIntire and others. Children's meeting being next in order the following gentlemen addressed the little ones. Messrs. D. H. Hastings, W. F. Thompson, and Wm. B. Morris. Had you seen the happy countenances of those children you would at once be convinced that they were "telling" speeches. Of course, the horse that pulls best is whipped the most, and Mr. Hastings was again out on the floor. He discussed the question assigned to him in his usual happy style, making a complete digest of the subject. He was followed by Messrs. Eckenroth, McIntire and others. Adjourned to meet at 7½ o'clock.

Evening Session. Mr. Eckenroth being absent, Wm. B. Morris was elected president. Music. Prayer. Music. Question for evening discussion was opened by S. Durbin Gray, Esq. Suffice to say that he gave such a complete ventilation of the subject that did credit to the speaker. He spoke at some length and to the point; his speech was listened to with marked attention. He was followed by D. H. Hastings, who gave an interesting history of John Wanamaker's great Sunday-school in Philadelphia, after which G. W. Rumberger was called on, who responded in a short speech. On motion of Henry T. Norris, a vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. Gray and Hastings for the interest manifested by them in behalf of the Sunday-school. Singing Doxology. Adjourned.

Thus ended one of the most delightful Sunday-school meetings ever held in that place. It is but just to say that Messrs. Gray and Hastings were the only two who responded to an invitation to be present, out of probably 8 or ten, who were invited from Bellefonte, and the citizens of Filmore will ever hold them in grateful remembrance. Even the young children will "rise up and call them blessed."

H. D. LEE, Secretary.

COLLEGE TWP., June 14, '77.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The busy season of cultivating corn, potatoes and vegetables is now on in earnest, so we have not much time to write locals. I have been awaiting to hear some one on crops and cropping, the prospect, along with the practical. But the wonder is so few of your many reading farmers take so little interest in that way, and the best way that he can advertise his business experience is by the newspaper. But farmers do not advertise. Then correspond. And one would think, since the Farmers' Club wallowed up by the Grange, the advantage offered for discussion would be more generally appreciated by the husbandman. I would say the prospects of our wheat and grass crops, since the rains, are coming up fast above a good half crop. Oats and potatoes look fine, but short, and plenty of time to make good crops. The vegetable garden is looking very well, but backward, owing to the many cold nights in May. The fruit crop is very short, excepting in some localities. There will be about half a yield in the east end of our township. The people now see that the prospects of the farmer is not so bad in our part, and with the big war going on in Europe and Asia our market will be good, and we may as well think that good times are fast coming, even should the savage Cossacks gobble up all proud Turkey.

Mr. Editor, you will excuse local news at this time, as I am not very good at news finding, and worse at telling, and all exciting or sensation topics I leave for the ladies. I will now go on with a few home-spun lines on the interest of the farmer: This has been a fine week for cultivating corn and potatoes, and hoeing garden, and all are looking better for it; fallow plowing and manure hauling is nearly all finished up, and I see one of my near neighbor farmers making swamp hay. The clover will be in good time for making hay—about the 20th instant; timothy ten days later. Our wheat harvest may come as early as the 4th of July, if favorable weather. This is a favorable time to clear the weeds out of wheat intended for seed, and to destroy weeds generally over the farm. We must not forget to prepare largely for our County Fair, and try to make it a farmers' success next fall. I think the people of Bellefonte have shown a very liberal spirit in the business arrangements of the Fair. We see the Centre County Agricultural Society, at its last business meeting, was well represented by the farming community, and I do hope more interest will spread over our county by both farmer and mechanic, business and professional men, not excepting the ladies and children. All pulling together will make our Fair a grand success. FARMER.

Pennsylvania Railroad Stock.

Last week the sales of Pennsylvania railroad stock at the Philadelphia stock board aggregated 14,144 shares. The "bears" succeeded in hammering it down to $28—about half the price it sold for six months ago. Thus the market value of the capital stock of this great road has been reduced about $30,000,000, without any apparent reason for such a decline. Nothing has been developed in the management of the road to cause any feeling of distrust, while its business has been as profitable as that of any of the great trunk lines. The result can only be accounted for by the skillful operations of the bear interest in the stock board upon the credulity of the holders of the stock. When it is remembered that the shares are principally owned in Pennsylvania, not by speculators but by people who have bought them as a permanent investment, depending on their dividends for their income, the distress produced by such a decline is equal to that experienced by the people of Philadelphia and its vicinity after the failure of the Bank of the United States in 1837, or the suspension of Jay Cooke & Co. in 1873. When the corporation resolved to reduce its dividends to six per cent., it was to be expected that the stock would fall, but the effect of this determination was fully discounted before it was made public. Since then the decline has been only the result of a panic, and those who have produced this have profited to the extent of the loss suffered by their victims. By the unlawful and dishonest system of "short" sales, the brokers and their customers who have depressed the stock have made large fortunes at the expense of those stockholders who have been frightened into parting with their property at prices less than their actual value.—[American Republican.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.—Throughout the world on Sunday, June 3d, the Roman Catholics held a jubilee in honor of the 50th anniversary of the consecrations of Pope Pius IX. as a Bishop. In the large cities the ceremonies were of a brilliant and imposing order, the Papal flag floating to the breeze from the churches and private residences of thousands of citizens of that denomination. In the churches the services were made as joyful in character as possible, and attracted immense audiences. The anniversary of the elevation of Pius IX. to the papacy also occurs this month. It is a common tradition among Catholics that "no Pope will ever see the year of Peter." The latter is regarded as having occupied the position of Pope for thirty-four years. Pius has now nearly reached the thirty-first year of his pontificate.

When insects work on the roots of house plants, put a few drops of carbonic acid in a pint of water, and pour it around the roots.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, '77.

Had Messrs. Tilden, Hendricks, Robinson and the other speakers at the late New York convention demonstration been addressing men more prejudiced than the crowd that listened to them against thieves and thieving, ballot-box stuffing and stuffers, mob violence and almost every other crime against the genius of Republican institutions, of which the Tammany Hall gang stands convicted through a long series of years, they would from very shame have omitted their remarks relative to the duty of American citizens to preserve the purity of public morals and the ballot box; and had their audience been more intelligent, their allusions in condemnation of the Electoral Commission—an essentially Democratic offspring—had never been made. It is the general verdict among politicians here, that Tilden, by his unexpected acceptance of the invitation to attend and speak, fairly turned the table on Tammany. Like a veritable marplot he utilized a movement of his enemies to shelve him by bringing Hendricks forward for the nomination in 1880, to file his own claims and bespeak a renewal of the support of 1876. But wily schemer as he is, he has lived to little purpose if he supposes that political matters are to remain in *statu quo* for four years, and that at the expiration of that time the controversy of last fall is to be picked up where the Electoral Commission decided and dropped it, just to gratify the consuming ambition and pitiable spite of one small man. But, as viewed from this point, the part played by Governor Robinson in the ceremonies of Monday night, by which he formally renounced all ownership in himself and acknowledged the validity of Tammany's mortgage upon New York's Governor was the most humiliating; and the assertion publicly made by the disreputable local politicians on that evening of their undisputed title in the chief Executive of the Empire State was as impudent as it was characteristic.

Financial considerations have come to overshadow all others, within the past few days. The Cabinet's endorsement on Saturday of Secretary Sherman's proposed new contract with the syndicate and prominent bankers, was immediately followed by its ratification. Under the terms 25 million of the new 4 per cent. loan of 30 years consols were immediately subscribed for, one-fifth to be applied to resumption, the balance to redemption of 6 per cent. bonds. It was further agreed that the loan should be held open 30 days to public subscription, and formal notice has already been given that the books are open. Every convenience of those desiring to invest to the extent of $50 and upwards appears to have been consulted, and it is predicted that a gratifying response will be made, and that the new loan will have the effect to make the rates of private loans much easier to the borrower. The old 4½ per cent. loan is entirely closed out, one hundred million having been wholly withdrawn, and the last remaining 25,000,000 having been taken by the syndicate under the old contract—two-fifths to be applied to resumption purposes and the balance to the redemption of the 6 per cent. bonds.

There is no doubt that the President favors the restoration of the silver standard either in a limited way or absolutely, as it existed prior to 1873. It is a radical conversion, as he himself admits. Secretary Sherman is understood to advocate the remonetization of silver to the extent of making it a legal-tender for all currency contracts, but no further. As he would have it issued only in exchange for United States notes and fractional currency, it practically leaves gold as the only standard, as now. He thinks this would be a fair compromise between the extreme Eastern and Western views, and holds that in the natural order of things it would result in the retirement of many millions of soft money, a long stride accomplished in the direction of the inevitable contraction that must precede resumption, and that too without any violent disturbance of business. It is generally admitted that remonetization will be favored by both political parties in the fall campaigns West, and that while the Republican leaders are disposed to accept the limited plan advocated by the Secretary, the extreme inflationists have control of the Democratic machine, and will demand not only an absolute return to the two standards as they existed prior to the demonetization act of 1873, but also a further issue of greenbacks—in short, unlimited inflation. A rumor has it that there was a falling out between the President and Secretary at yesterday's conference upon this silver business, and that there is soon to be a Cabinet vacancy. It would appear that there is a radical difference—so radical as not to admit a compromise—if their positions have been correctly stated, of which there is much room to doubt.

It seems to be the impression that the investigation of Indian affairs now in progress is to result in another scandal, compared with which the Post-traderships business will be a bagatelle. The issue of supplies, based on a false count and the lifting of land scrip from the tracts that had been skinned, and made to cover other tracts until they were stripped, the process repeated almost indefinitely, are some of the methods hinted at as pursued by an alleged ring, composed of corrupt officials and their outside friends.

We shall soon know how much foundation these rumors have that have been flying about for the last three days.

LOGAN.

Razors for Two!

Desperate Encounter Between Two Saddle-Colored Individuals at Watsontown.

About nine o'clock on Thursday evening of this week John Washington, of this place, but who has been acting as porter at the Mansion House in Watsontown for the past six weeks, and a barber there named Wm. Miller, got into an altercation which commenced and ended as follows: The parties met in front of Minerva Hall and after an exchange of words, Miller struck Washington, after which the latter ran into Fisher's barber shop near by and procured a razor. While doing this Miller ran to his own shop, also near by, and provided himself with a weapon of the same kind. They met at about the same place where they parted, and after a few words they commenced cutting and slashing in a fire-flying manner. After several passes, Washington succeeded in planting the end of his razor at the butt of Miller's right ear and took it out some place under the chin. By this time a large crowd had gathered and the excitement was intense. The cut in Miller's neck is frightful. He was taken to Leiser's drug store and it was 2 o'clock A. M. before the blood was stopped. Washington tramped it to Milton, as we understand, and there took the midnight train for Harrisburg. He returned to this place at noon yesterday and was arrested by Messrs. Roach and Gannon, and taken before 'Squire Pursel who committed him to prison to await a further hearing. Late in the afternoon a dispatch was received from Miller at Watsontown asking for the release of Washington, and stating that he (Miller) was rapidly improving. The matter was laid before District Attorney Clement who refused Washington's liberation until the affair was investigated.

This morning the father of Washington went to Watsontown for the purpose of inquiring into the affair in detail. Watsontown folks appear to side with Washington, inasmuch as Miller has been cultivating a quarrel with him for some time.—[Sunbury Daily.

The Seventeen-Year Locusts.

Portions of New Jersey and Charles and St. Mary's counties in the Southern part of Maryland, are said to be overrun with myriads of the seventeen-year locusts. A correspondent writing to the Baltimore *Sun*, from Leonardstown, Md., under date of the 4th inst. says:—"The swarms darken the air when they move across a road in the woods, though for the most part they remain in the trees above the ground, from which the insects spring. The forest hums like a busy machine shop all day long and until night, when the usual silence of the woods reigns. The seventeen-year locusts are by no means a pest or hurtful to vegetation, or indeed to anything else, except to hogs, which feed on them, and occasionally die from a surfeit or constipation. It is said that a little corn fed to the swine while they are eating locusts will make them all right."

"Canker in the Bud."

You watch its development with expectant solicitude—the choice, exquisitely-moulded bud which promises to unfold with the perfect flower. You perhaps think how it will adorn the drawing-room vase, and anticipate the pleasure of showing it to your flower-loving friends. But some morning you find its head drooping, its fragrance fled, and an ugly purple spot on one of the delicately-tinted petals. It is the poet's "canker in the bud." How often the loathsome canker blights the cherished "infant blossoms" in our household gardens—those human buds which give earnest of a brilliant future. The noisome canker, so long concealed—scrofula—at length reveals its dreaded presence and to our bright hopes succeeds the most agonizing fear, for we know the fatal sequel it portends—pulmonary consumption. It is estimated by eminent medical authorities that at least one-fifth of mankind are afflicted with this insidious malady. But its ravages are so secret, that even its victims are unaware of its presence until it suddenly discloses itself in some of its myriad and oft-times fatal forms. A slight cutaneous eruption is often the only indicator of its presence. The only means of exterminating this disease from the system is by a thorough course of constitutional treatment. This treatment must fulfill three indications, namely, promote nutrition, alter or purify the blood, and arrest disorganization of the tissues and the formation of tubercles. No more efficient alterative can be employed for these purposes than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. While imparting strength and tone to the digestive organs it cleanses the blood and heals the diseased tissues. Test its virtues ere the deadly canker has blighted the life you prize.

FROM Roswell Kinney, M. D., of Mannsville, N. Y.:

"I do not hesitate to say that the Peruvian Syrup has claims to confidence equal if not superior to those of any medicine that has ever come to my knowledge. I have used it with great success for dyspepsia and epilepsy."

NAUGHT CAN compare with Glenn's Sulphur Soap as a remedy for eruptions, pimples, old sores and roughness of the skin. It is also a powerful disinfectant of impregnated linen or clothing and should be freely used in the sick room. Depot, Crittenton's, 7 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cts. 22 4w

AN ugly cough invariably follows measles. Shriner's Balsamic Cough Syrup will remove it in a short time.

Dry Goods.

WE WISH TO IMPRESS
WE WISH TO IMPRESS
WE WISH TO IMPRESS
WE WISH TO IMPRESS
ON EVERYBODY'S MIND
ON EVERYBODY'S MIND
ON EVERYBODY'S MIND
ON EVERYBODY'S MIND
THAT ALL OUR PRICES
THAT ALL OUR PRICES
THAT ALL OUR PRICES
THAT ALL OUR PRICES
SUIT THE TIMES
SUIT THE TIMES
SUIT THE TIMES
SUIT THE TIMES

WE HAVE Carpets at 20 cents WE HAVE
WE HAVE Carpets at 25 cents WE HAVE
WE HAVE Carpets at 30 cents WE HAVE
WE HAVE Carpets at 35 cents WE HAVE
WE HAVE Tapestry Brussels at $1 WE HAVE
WE HAVE Tapestry Brussels at $1 WE HAVE

RAG CARPETS
RAG CARPETS
RAG CARPETS
RAG CARPETS
HEMP CARPETS
HEMP CARPETS
HEMP CARPETS
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VENETIAN CARPETS
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WINDOW SHADINGS
WINDOW SHADINGS
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WINDOW SHADINGS
PATENT SPRING FIXTURES
PATENT SPRING FIXTURES
PATENT SPRING FIXTURES
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MOTH-PROOF CARPET FELT
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SHEETINGS ALL WIDTHS
SHEETINGS ALL WIDTHS
SHEETINGS ALL WIDTHS
SHEETINGS ALL WIDTHS
PILLOW CASINGS
PILLOW CASINGS
PILLOW CASINGS
PILLOW CASINGS
LADIES' DOLMANS
LADIES' DOLMANS
LADIES' DOLMANS
LADIES' DOLMANS

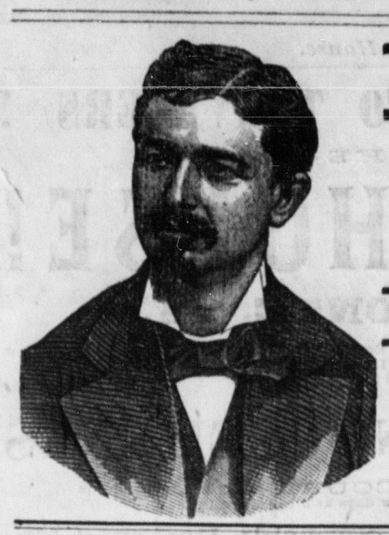
WE HAVE Dolmans at $2 50 WE HAVE
WE HAVE Dolmans at $3 00 WE HAVE
WE HAVE Dolmans at $3 50 WE HAVE

LADIES' TRIMMED HATS
LADIES' TRIMMED HATS
LADIES' TRIMMED HATS
LADIES' TRIMMED HATS
IN THE LATEST STYLES
IN THE LATEST STYLES
IN THE LATEST STYLES
IN THE LATEST STYLES

We Have Dress Goods at 8 cts We Have
We Have Dress Goods at 10 cts We Have
We Have Dress Goods at 12½ cts We Have
We Have Ladies' Shoes at $1.00 We Have
We Have Ladies' Shoes at $1.25 We Have
We Have Ladies' But'n shoes at $1.50 We Have
We Have Men's Plow shoes at $1.25 We Have

In fact, our entire stock which has just been received at prices that will well afford comparison with any others.

S. & A. LOEB.



REMOVAL IN SIXTY DAYS.

In consequence of a largely increasing business and to make room for still heavier stocks of merchandise, I have been compelled to *ENLARGE AND IMPROVE MY STORE*, the Eagle Clothing Hall, Allegheny Street, and for that purpose will remove, about the middle of July, one door below the old stand. During the next sixty days, therefore, I will offer

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO BUYERS,

having determined to close out, as nearly as possible during that time, my present stock at ruinously low prices, preparatory to placing in the Newly-repaired Hall, when I shall return to it, an assortment of New Goods not equaled in Quantity, Quality, Cheapness, and Variety outside of Philadelphia. Call at once for extra bargains.

J. NEWMAN, JR., Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Additional Locals.

——Judge Samuel Linn has many friends in Bellefonte who will be sorry to learn that he was stricken down, last Sunday night, with an attack of congestion of the brain. He was unconscious of all that was passing around him for several hours. Last Monday morning he had recovered somewhat, and it is hoped that he will regain his former good health and strength.

——List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Bellefonte Post-office June 18, 1877:

Wm. Baird, Miss Susanna Buck, Jonas Bilger, Miss Annie Carley, Willie Craven, Miss Ella Campbell, Wm. Eckley, Miss Ella Harrison, Miss Mary Hinton, Jos. Halteman, Mrs. Maggie Kline, Mrs. Bridget Kain, J. Lonze, Harry Love, Maggie Lahal, Miss Mattie McClelland, Henry Myers, James Miller, May Etta Miller, James Nolan, Oscar Nichnals, Benjamin Plumstead, Frampton Oswalt, Kate Osmer, Miss Katie Parker, Geo. M. Roan, Miss Maggie B. Ross, Miss Lina Ross, G. F. Sweitzer, Miss Rachael Sliker, Miss Adell Swails, James Stephens, Mrs. Sarah Showers, Miss Clara Wilson, Fred. Weckerly, Moses Walters-2, Frank Yealey, Andrew Tinkling.

——We saw Haupt taking in a lot of stoves and ranges to the store room lately occupied by Wetsler, where he has a good assortment of tin and Japanned ware of almost every description. He has men at work making tinware and putting up spouting to order. Isaac says he can furnish to farmers and others wanting cook stoves, or tread-power threshing machines, with separators, for one or two horses, that the weight of two horses will give as much power as eight horses pulling, at from $100 to $350—completed, set up and proved to give entire satisfaction, before farmers need make themselves in any way responsible. Can thresh and clean from 200 to 400 bushels in a day, with one-third the hands required to run an 8-horse separator. Says he can furnish repairs for any and all kinds of sewing machines at shortest notice. Most of the parts can be sent by mail to those desiring them.

ANOTHER THIEF ARRESTED.—Two weeks ago we made mention of the fact that an old English gentleman had been robbed of his watch and considerable money while staying over night with Mr. Mitchell, a shoemaker at Watsontown. At the time a search warrant was sworn out and the house thoroughly examined, but to no purpose. On Friday last Mr. Mitchell rested suspicion on a young man in his employ named James Christman, of Somerset, Lycoming county. The young man had been visiting the stable quite frequently and it was the opinion of Mitchell that he had the stolen property secreted there. He searched the stable and found the watch lying on a top girder. Constable Carl was sent for, but as the boy was getting ready to go home, it was thought best to let him gather his things all together and capture him when going out of town. The Constable went to his home at the upper end of main street and kept watch for his victim and seeing him going in the direction of Dewart through another street, he got out his horse and wagon and drove leisurly up the road, and when in the vicinity of the fair grounds overtook the runaway and kindly invited him to ride along. The invitation was accepted, and after being seated Carl turned his rigging in the direction of Watsontown, and informed the youth that he was a prisoner. He stoutly denied his guilt of the crime for a few minutes, but when an opportunity offered he sprang from the wagon and took to the fields on Niagara Express time. He was hotly pursued and overtaken in a few minutes. At the Squire's office the watch and $20 were found. He was committed and is now in Williamsport. The Englishman claimed to have been robbed of over $100.—*Sunbury Daily.*

DIED.—On the 4th inst. death for the first time entered the fraternal circle of Walker Grange, No. 345, P. of H., and took sister Catharine Zimmerman, a highly respected and worthy member from their midst to the great Master above. The remains were consigned to the grave with the honors of the Grange. On Thursday evening the 7th, the Grange met in their hall in special session, when a committee of sisters offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we cannot but regret the loss of such a worthy sister, and we hereby extend to the family of the deceased sister our heartfelt sympathy, refering them in their hour of affliction to Him who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased sister, and that they be published in the "Farmer's Friend" and county papers, and recorded in the minutes of the Grange.

SOPHIA ROCKEY,
JENNIE JOHNSTON, } *Com.*
MATTIE DUNKLE,

——"The way it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see somethin', and you give half a dollar for a chance to win it; another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back." They do not do that way at Sechler's famous grocery, in the Bush House block, opposite the REPUBLICAN office. Every man, woman or child that puts a dollar into that institution draws a prize every time; there are no blanks, and you receive a dollar's worth for a dollar. This is the only kind of lottery that anyone should take part in. When any person or persons offer you more than a dollar's worth for a dollar, look out far that fellow, for there is sure to be a fraud about the business somewhere. Sechler gives you your money's worth all the time, and does not pretend to give you any more.

——Saratoga Water at Green's.

—It is said Ben Butler has purchased a 73,000 acre farm in Colorado whither he will take himself and go to cattle raising—become a shepherd, and, maybe U. S. Senator from Colorado. Ben Butler, king over a heard of cattle, with bulls and cows and calves to come at his word, recognizing his voice as he sweetly sings out at the setting of the sun "come boss," "sukey, sukey," and "come seb, come seb," will be a pleasure to the hero of the Dutch Gap canal. If Colorado calves will need be raised with a spoon then Ben Butler will have the spoons to raise them with, sure.—*Centre Hall Reporter.*

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup,

SEA WEED TONIC and MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution. Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a so newhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury; for its tendency is to confine the morbid matter in the system, which, of course, must make a cure impossible. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium. It is composed of powerful but harmless herps, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach, and blood, and thus correct all morbid secretions, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonary Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions. Dr. schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending June 2d and 9th, respectively, having the following noteworthy contents: Mr. Wallace's "Russia," from the *Quarterly Review*; Montenegro, a sketch by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, *Nineteenth Century*; Relation of Mind and Body, *Church Quarterly*; A Dutch Milton, *Cornhill*; The Anglo-Indian Tongue, *Blackwood*; The Alkaline and Borscic Lakes of California, by J. Author Phillips, F. G. S. *Popular Science Review*; Whilst at Our Club, *Blackwood*; Social Position, *Whitehall Review*; Light-Emitting Flowers, *Leisure Hour*; The Celts, *The Fireside*; The Storing of Literary Power, *Spectator*; with instalments of "Pauline," a remarkable new serial, and of Wm. Black's new story, and choice poetry and miscellany.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.40 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both post-paid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

Wide Awake for July.

Wide Awake for July is a fine number. The behaving paper, "Little Gentlefolks," is worth the annual subscription price of the magazine to any family. The stories are especially seasonable. Nora Perry has a Rhode Island sea shore story entitled "Sally's Clam-bake." But the boys, after one look at the frontispiece drawn by John Hyde, will turn eagerly to the rollicking Fourth of July story it illustrates, "How the Boys Woke Him," by Charles Stuart Pratt, in which they will get a most satisfactory amount of fireworks. There are also two "fourth" poems, "A Poser," by Rosa Graham, and the Independence adventures of "Miltiades Peterkin Paul," in which he blows up his grandmother instead of the cat. The older boys will also enjoy S. G. W. Benjamin's paper on managing sail boats. Miss Farman, the editor, has a story, "Nannie's Graduating Dress," which we commend not only to the "sweet girl graduates" themselves but to their mothers and teachers. "What Bunch and Joker saw in the Moon," by Mrs. E. T. Corbet, has several funny illustrations. Mr. Rounds' Child Marion makes acquaintance in Rome with Princess Margherita and the young Prince, sees a funeral and goes home to bury a pet butterfly in a candy-box. In "Soloman's Seal" Sophie May allows Emily to "board round."

Mrs. Whiton's "Summer," "Foolish Bobolink," by Clara Doty Bates, "Daisy among the Daisies," by Mary D. Brine; "Daughter and I" by Mrs. Helen Tracy Myers, the Large Print, the "Blue Glass," drama, the Tangled Knots, the Post-office Department, and the Fourth of July Music by Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Goodrich, complete an admirable and beautifully illustrated number.

Only $2.00 per annum. Ella Farman, editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

List of Patents issued to Inventors of Pennsylvania, excepting Phila., for the week ending June 12, 1877, and each dated June 26, 1877 Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

J Bowman, Carbureted Hydrogen Gas, Warren
H Huth, Fire Escape, Milton
G Matheson, Union and Joint for Tubing, McKeesport
" Pipe Joint, "
" " "
W Graham, Brick Machine, Carlisle
J Cain, Lamp Burner, Pittsburgh
D Halter, Car Coupling, Lee's Cross Roads
S Jones, Regulator, Morristown
J Kurtz, Inking Apparatus, Milton
C Patterson, Cutter Head, Pittston
G Walker, Vapor Bath, Guy's Mill
M Chffort, Wagon Break, East Lemmon
S Gieslager, Level, Pittsburgh
W Jones, Wash for Ingot Molds, Braddocks
J L & J T Metcalf, Grain Separator, Quincy
A Nellis, Barbed Fence, Pittsburgh
A Weekert, Car Bumper, Harrisburg

Legal Notices.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of Jacob Eyer, deceased. Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Eyer, late of Ferguson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will call and make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MARTIN EYER,
SAMUEL EYER,
Executors.
Rock Spring, June 6, 1877. 24 6t*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Centre County to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of A. J. Shivery and D. W. Shivery, administrators of, etc., of David Shivery, deceased, ascertain the amount and character of the advancements made to said administrators, and make distribution of the balance in their hands among the persons legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Thursday, the 28th day of June next, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested can attend if they see proper.

2314 E. M. BLANCHARD, Auditor.

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BLUE AND RED LIGHT. Dr. Pancoast's great work is **Now Ready for AGENTS.** The only book practically treating this now universally absorbing topic. Shows how to apply the treatment, and tells of many successful cures made by the use of this wonderful medium. Circulars and best terms to early applicants. J. M. STODDART & CO., 25-4w. 723 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia.

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Sellers' Liver Pills have stood for Thirty years a Standard Remedy for the cure of Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all Derangements of the Liver.

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"VISITOR AUTO-MUSIC ALBUM."

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JOHN CHURCH & CO.,
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Fresh Roasted, only 5 cents a Quart.

We buy low and sell low, thus giving the public the benefit of the general decline in the price of all all articles in our line.

97-- CROQUET --97

Price of a Croquet Set reduced to 97c

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Wall Paper, Brown Back, **7c**
Wall Paper, White Back, **10c**

Japanese Fans	4c
Note Paper (per quire)	5 & 7c
French Blacking	4c
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Mottoes	4c
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Black Pins per box	5c

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No. 1 Humes' Block, next door to Postoffice.

JAMES WELCH & CO.

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HARDWARE!

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS AND REPAIRS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, CRADLES, SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,

ROPE BLOCKS, ETC., ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line. 25

T. D. KELLOGG,

General Advertising Agent,

5 Beekman St., New York.

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Thoroughly cures Diseases of the Skin, Beautifies the Complexion. Prevents and Remedies Rheumatism and Gout, Heals Sores and Abrasions of the Cuticle and Counteracts Contagion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICES—25 cents per Cake; Box (3 cakes) 70cts. N. B.—Sent by Mail, Prepaid, on Receipt of Price. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 23 4w

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Send for a specimen copy of the

PRACTICAL FARMER,

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The Oldest, Largest, Most Enterprising, Interesting, Instructive and Valuable Farm, Stock and Family Journal of America.

IT IS A 64-COLUMN WEEKLY PAPER, furnishing every week more valuable information in all the different departments of Agriculture than any other paper of the kind in the country, and a family department unequaled for interest and value for the household.

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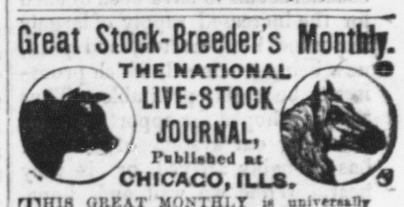

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THIS GREAT MONTHLY is universally acknowledged to be without a rival in its Department of Journalism. Each number contains 48 large pages, three columns to the page, with a handsome cover, and BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with elegant double plated engravings. It is the only paper in the world devoted exclusively to live-stock and the dairy. It discusses the science of breeding, the merits of the various breeds, the most approved methods of feeding and handling, and everything pertaining to the successful management of live stock on the farm. During the year 1877, Prof. James Law, the eminent veterinarian of Cornell University, will contribute a series of articles upon the laws of health and disease as applied to Domestic Animals, that cannot fail to be of great value to Farmers and Stock Breeder's everywhere. It contains separate Departments, devoted to HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE and the DAIRY, and its corps of editors are recognized throughout the entire country as the MOST THOROUGH, ABLE and PRACTICAL writers in their separate departments that can be found in America. No expense is spared on the part of its publishers, to make it a high-toned, reliable, practical and instructive Journal, just such as every intelligent farmer and stock breeder will find worth ten times its cost each year.

TERMS.—Single copies, one year, postage paid, $2.15; Clubs of five, postage paid, $1.90; Clubs of ten, with an extra copy free to persons making up club, postage prepaid, $1.65. Handsomely illustrated poster mailed to all who will get up clubs. Address letters, registering those containing money, unless in shape of Postal Order or Draft, to

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Jewelry, Etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In announcing our Annual Spring Exhibition of new goods, particular attention is invited to an additional department opened this season, embracing

SURPLUS STOCK

from all the leading departments in our establishment: Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Sterling Silver, Electro-Plated Ware, French Clocks, Bronzes, and Fancy Goods, amounting to

$70,000 VALUATION,

Which we are now offering below cost of manufacture.

A personal visit and inspection of these goods is respectfully solicited, believing it will amply repay all purchasers to avail themselves of this liberal offer.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Articles carefully packed for shipment.

ROBBINS, BIDDLE & CO.

No. 1124 Chestnut Street,
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SPRING, - - - 1877. | SPRING, - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED

FOR THE SPRING TRADE

We have the Goods! Prices Low. Selection Unsurpassed. Stock Large. And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you the

BEST SELECTED STOCK, AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

And if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself. We have opened

A FULL LINE OF DRY-GOODS,

Clothing, Carpets, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood & Willow Ware, Hats & CAPS, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines. We will beat everything in prices or assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Farm, Garden & Household.

Needs for the Future—The Prospect.

It is very evident that raising and feeding animals for meat, must receive more attention than has hitherto been given to this branch of farming. The speculation in pure bred live stock, if it has been an evil at all, or has been carried to excess, as many persons have believed, has not been an unmixed evil by any means. As we have thought, and have frequently said, the speculative furore excited public interest, and the undoubted merits of the animals themselves, have fastened attention upon them, and by their means vast improvements has been effected in our herds and flocks. If some persons have gone in too heavily, and have sunk money out of present sight, they have at least gained wisdom, and by and by the increase of their stock will bring ends to meet again. The vast increase of wealth contributed to the agricultural interests by these improved animals, is now being manifested. As good stock is coming from the prairies and plains of Kansas and Colorado, as have hitherto come from Illinois and Kentucky pastures. The value of the product is thus doubled. This is but the begining of the shower, which must by and by become a torrent. A channel seems to have been opened for the increased supply of largely improved beef, mutton, and pork, now being produced, which promises to be highly profitable. Thus the long hoped for opportunity of changing our system of farming, has probably arrived, or is very near. While we wait and hope, events shape themselves by force of circumstances which we cannot control, and which seems to be mere accidents. Thus the experimental shipment of a few carcases of beef to England, a year ago, seems to have opened a way for us to change our exhaustive system of farming. Let us avail ourselves of the opportunity; feed as many animals as we can, and raise root and fodder crops for this purpose. At first we must use artificial fertilizers freely, and afterwards as may be needed, to keep crops up to the highest limit. "High farming" must now be the rule if we are to make money. We must get rid of our scrubs; of beeves, that don't make beef; of cows that neither give milk nor yield butter; of sheep that afford niether wool nor mutton; of pigs that make no pork or lark, and of poultry that lay no eggs. We must keep only the best, that is, grades from pure bred males, we must feed high and mature quickly, make rich manure, grow heavy crops, cultivate thoroughly, turn off from one acre as much as we have done heretofore from two, three or four, and then American Agriculture, which is the freest industry in the world, will be the most profitable.—*American Agriculturist.*

Estimating the Butter Product of Cows.

Estimating the quantity of butter a cow will yield during the year by testing a given quantity of milk at a certain time and making that the standard, is quite unreliable, as every practical dairyman knows that milk varies greatly in its butter yield from time to time. The record of Col. Newall's cow, as reported recently in the *Country Gentleman*, appears to have been deduced from some such standard, for it is not easy to believe that any cow could have produced in eleven months and two days the enormous quantity of 977.72-100 pounds of butter.

Philip Snyder, of Vineland, N. J., in commenting on this record, in a late nnmber of the above mentioned paper, gives a record of the quantity of milk required for a pound of butter at different seasons from his own cow, and says that although her actual yield for the year was 396 pounds 12 ounces, yet if her product had been calculated from thirteen tests made of her milk, nine of the number would have made it in excess of the actual yield, and in several instances enormously so. His cow gave 10,612 pounds of milk for the year of 366 days, and the quantity of milk required to make one pound of butter varied in different seasons from 31.11-100 pounds, in July, to 16.45-100, in January. At the latter yield as a standard for calculation, the cow would have yielded, theoretically, 645 pounds of butter, whereas the actual yield was some 249 pounds less.

It must be quite evident that all calculated yields of butter, by taking a given quantity of milk as the standard for the pound of butter, must be regarded with suspicion, unless well supported with facts showing that the milk taken as a standard was of average quality of that produced during the whole season. The reporting of large yields of milk where the record is loosely kept and calculation enters into the account, is of little benefit, because it leaves one in doubt as to the actual facts.

The Black Hill's Delusion.

DEADWOOD CITY, }
BLACK HILLS, Dakota, June 10, 1877. }

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: Having been, and hoping again to be a subscriber to your paper, I cannot resist what seems my duty, to ventilate through its columns the rascality practiced by western Shylocks to induce emigration westward over the different lines of travel, with the Black Hills as the objective point. And considering myself a practical miner, having spent nearly twenty years of my life in mining in California and Nevada, I claim to know something whereof I speak.

I was one of a party of twenty who left Pennsylvania on the 2d of April last for this new and supposed wonderful Eldorado. We arrived at Deadwood City on the 27th of the same month, and since that time I have prospected in good earnest, and am free to say that there is nothing here except for a few, and that was all found and appropriated last year, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. As for the country, there is very little country about it. Here is a small patch of upland, covered with a thick growth of tall pine timber, and full of deep ravines, and here, for about thee miles, gold is found in paying quantities, although the richest of it was worked out last year. The result of last year's operations was heralded far and wide, in the most exaggerated form possible, and has produced more excitement, brought more people together, caused more destitution and suffering, more crime and loss of life, than any other crazy thing that has ever deluded the people of the American continent. In short, it is the worst overdone and overrated mining camp I ever knew. Thousands of poor, hungry specimens of humanity throng the streets and alleys in search of employment, and the earnest and almost despairing tones of the multitude asking for something to do, can often be heard above the apparently half mad auctioneer's voice and the thud of his hammer. Eight of our party have left, and the balance will do the same as soon as they can.

The story of the Wheeler Bros. was all a canard. In the first place there was no such mining firm; but simply plain Billy Wheeler, who bought an interest in a claim for $1500. The claim was rich, but narrow and shallow; yet being a good miner he worked to advantage and did well. He sold the claim, thinking it about worked out, for $3,000, and left the country with $20,000 in good clean dust, instead of $300,000, as reported in the Cheyenne "Leader." The above are the facts given me by parties in interest with him, and who are friends, as well as reliable men. And this is only one instance among a thousand of misrepresentation and misstatements that might be mentioned.

The laboring classes are not the only ones enticed here by the delusive statements of the railroad companies and the Cheyenne "Leader." Capitalists are pouring in, and all with an eye to business, but they can always take care of themselves. Many quartz mills are coming in, and several are in running condition, and reported doing well, but how well no one can find out. The opinion of those best informed in such matters is, that there is not a well defined lead in the Hills; but a few pockets or "blow-outs" (as they term them), along the mountain sides that have fed the few miles of gulch that pay.

Still things go on, and building is rapidly progressing. Everything is tumult and confusion, and one scarcely knows where he stands or what may turn up on the morrow. Some men can make money in a desert island, and so some make it here. The banks help the poor fellows out who have money at home, and in that way may be said to be doing a fair business.

To sum up, let the boys of Pennsylvania stay at home, and be content to do what they can for a livelihood in ever so small a way, rather than take their chances for a fortune in the Black Hills. Humble and hard as their lot may be, they are kings at home; here, worse than serfs or slaves. H. W.

War Correspondents on Farming.

The war correspondents of the London papers having exhausted the natural scenery, architecture, and social customs of Roumania, are now turning their attention to agriculture. One of them observes that the soil is obviously very fertile, and nearly every acre is under cultivation. The industry of the peasantry is intense; it is a pity that their plowing is not a little deeper. The villages are embowered in white blossoming fruit trees, and the folks make clean at least the outside of the platter by painting the exteriors of their houses a dazzling white or a pale, delicate blue. The fields, which are unenclosed, are of huge size, and in one a couple of dozen teams, oxen in the traces, ponies as leaders, may be seen plowing; in the next, a far-reaching line of sowers, moving forward abreast in open order. The more one sees of the Principalities the more clearly it is apparent that if their finances are in an unsatisfactory condition it is from no lack of natural wealth and fertility of production in the soil

Lop-Ear Rabbits.

Rabbits are, in this country, so exclusively raised as pets, that we rarely regard them as productive to stock, and they are very seldom used as food. Our wild rabbit is more frequently eaten than the domesticated, which, by the way, is a true rabbit, while all our wild rabbits are properly hares. The flesh of the domesticated animal is vastly superior to that of the wild, and the few that are offered in our city markets meet with a ready sale to Europeans, who are acquainted with their good qualities. With proper arrangements for raising rabbits, a supply of excellent food may be produced very cheaply. Among the varieties none is more esteemed than the Lop-ear, so called from the peculiar position of the ear. This is a great favorite among those who keep rabbits for pets, and it is also the most valuable for food, on account of its rapid growth and great size, as it is not rare for them to weigh 8 or 10 pounds, and specimens have been exhibited as heavy as 18 pounds. The points of excellence in these animals are: length, with, and position of ear; color and style of marking; a full and round eye; general carriage, which should be low at the shoulders, high at the hind quarter, and a dewlap upon which the head rests when in repose; and, finally, size. The lop of the ear, due to its great size and the weakness of the muscles, does not always breed true; the ears sometimes stick out horizontally, when they are called "oarlops," and if but one ear droops, "halflops."—[American Agriculturist.

No garden should be without a collection of herbs for uses for food and medicine. Rhue, wormwood, tansy, fennel, dill, sage, summer and winter savory, lavender, thyme, spearmint, peppermint, hoarhound, catmint, sweet marjoram, sweet basil, carraway, anise, cives, coriander, etc. A separate plot of ground should always be kept for the above named and other plants of similar nature. The soil should be made good by taking away poor ground and replacing it with fresh loam. No manure should be used, but the ground should be kept loose and clean of weeds.

The witness before the court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Ottiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied: "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U double O D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up amid roars of laughter.

An old-fashioned clergyman named Moore was riding on horseback one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions and having a broad scarlet collar. By the action of the wind the cloak was tossed about in all directions, when a gentleman rode up on a spirited horse, which shied, and almost threw the rider. "That cloak of yours would frighten the devil," said the gentleman. "You don't say so!" replied Mr. Moore; "why, that's just my trade."

The number of wolves in Russia is estimated at 200,000, and their annual consumption of flesh is 23cwt. per head. Last year they ate, among other items, 465 human beings, and it is estimated that, one way or other, they cost the country $10,600,000. Hunting has declined since the emancipation of the serfs, and the wolves have increased.

A Georgia negro twisted a mule to urge it over a fence. The smart lad at the funeral the next day showed that the people didn't care if he did twist the mule's tail.

"What is a bat?" asked a contemporary. As far as our education extends, a bat is a thing to encourage a cat to get off a back fence, and is composed of half a brick.

Two things a man should never get mad at, what he can, and what he cannot help.

Hicks & Bro.—Hardware.

CORN CULTIVATORS
With Reversible Standard Teeth.

SHOVEL PLOWS
Single and Double, both Wood and Iron.

Cultivator Teeth
SHOVEL PLOW BLADES.

IMPERIAL CAST-STEEL
PLOWS
Every one warranted.

IMPERIAL CAST-STEEL PLOW SHARES.

Corn Planters. Corn Hoes.

TOLEDO CUCUMBER PUMPS
Iron and Porcelain Lined, to suit all depth wells. *Guaranteed*, and at a *reduced price*.

Nails, Locks and Glass,
At the *Lowest Prices*.

TRACE CHAINS & HAMES.
Steel Shovels at a very low price.

CLOTHES WRINGERS,
Lower than they were ever sold at.

GraniteWare
of all descriptions; Wash Basins, Stew Kettles, etc. This is the finest ware in use, more durable than tin and free from rust. Very little higher. All kinds House Furnishing goods.

For Mechanics
we have the best of Chisels, Saws, Drawing Knives, etc. Also, Baily Adjustable Iron Planes.

Latest Improved Lamps
Decidedly the best in the market. No chimneys to break or clean, and give a better light than any in use.

Gum Water Hose
for watering yards and gardens.

Mrs. Potts Improved Flat-irons.
Every family should have them, as they are much nicer than common ones and not much higher.

PURE WHITE LEADS
and COTTAGE PAINTS of every color, ready for use. Cheap Red Fire-proof Paint for Barns, made of Oxide of Iron. Guaranteed to be durable.

COACHMAKERS & SADDLERS
Full line of all kinds of Saddlery. Also, Wood Work, Felloes, Plain and Patent Wheels, Etc.

SUSQUEHANNA
Cook Stoves,
The Heaviest in Weight and best Baker in the market. All kinds of Portable Ranges, with eight different makes of COOK STOVES.
These will be sold on a Written Guarantee, and at the lowest prices.

THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.
Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
10 tf

Bush House.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS !
—THE—
BUSH HOUSE!
BELLEFONTE, PA.
has been recently thoroughly Renovated and Repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, MR. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburgh, is First-Class in All its Appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS
Are offered to those in attendance at COURT, and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.
The Largest and most Superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.
ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.
F. D. McCOLLUM, Proprietor.

Drugs and Medicines.

Drugs, Drugs, Drugs.
S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug Store, on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the Hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular
Drugs & Medicines,
Chemicals,
Perfumery,
Soaps, Combs,
Brushes,
Trusses,
Supporters,
Braces,
Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc.
Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only.
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.
This store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.
16-1y S. T. SHUGERT.

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

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FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa
5-29-1y

Miscellaneous.

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Insurance effected on all kinds of Properties, in Companies of undoubted strength and security, at standard rates.
INSURE AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY FIRE AND LIGHTNING.
9-9-1y GEORGE L. POTTER,
(Furst's Building.) High St., Bellefonte.

WILLIAM E. SHOPE,
CABINET-MAKER AND HOUSE BUILDER
Those desiring a first-class workman are requested to give him a call. 8-16-1y

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country, who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. $66 dollars per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 9-8-1y

To the Working Class.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 9-5-1y

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. JOHN B. OGDEN,
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Cheap Guns for the People
Double Shot Guns, from $7 to $50. Breech Loading Shot Guns, from $25 to $150. Single Shot Guns, all kinds, $3 to $25. Rifles, Muzzle and Breech Loading, Single and Repeating, 7, 16 and 24 shooters. Revolvers, 5, 6 and 7 shooters, $7.50 to $20.
Goods sent by express C. O. D., with privilege to examine. Price list free. Address, GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. tf

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Belting, Packing, Hose, Boots, & Shoes, Clothing, etc. RICHARD LEVICK-SON & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Phil. Agents National Rubber Co. 23-48-tf

Medical.

Ayer's
Hair Vigor
For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will present the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit, but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Balsamic Cough Syrup.
NO NEED
CHILD DIE
OF CROUP,
If this Syrup is used in time.
It will cure
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
SPITTING OF BLOOD,
DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
PAINS AND WEAKNESS of the BREAST,
WHOOPING COUGH,
COLDS, COUGHS, Etc.
SHRINER'S SYRUP is the prescription of Dr. John Swope, one of the most eminent Physicians of Maryland, and used in his practice, for both adults and children, for forty years.
It will give satisfaction. Test its merits by trying it.
Price 25 and 50 cents per Bottle.
Sold by all DRUGGISTS.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
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BETWEEN SCHOOL BOARD & TEACHER
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If you want job printing of any description in as good style as at any other Job Printing Establishment in the country, and at very moderate prices, leave your orders at the REPUBLICAN office, where they will be attended to. Job printing of every description done neatly, cheaply and quickly.

COLLECTOR'S SALE
BLANKS.
75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen.
Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

$55 to $77 a Week to agents. $10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. vol 8 35-1y.

Our New York Letter.

The Brains of the Ring on Trial—Sweeny's Settlement—A Shrewd Bargain—Rumored Return of Connolly—Tweed as a Scapegoat—The Seventeen-Year Locust—The Sign on its Wing—A Fish Plague—Our Bolivian Guest—Polo at the Races.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1877.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—In trying to decide what has been the main sensation of the last seven days, I am divided between the suddenly terminated Ring suit, the seventeen-year locusts, and the fish plague. I suppose Peter B. Sweeny would hardly thank me for the compliment of bringing him into such locumpany, and, besides, we have the latter at least as often as once in seventeen years, while a man like Sweeny doesn't turn up—luckily for tax-payers—nearly as often. So I think we shall have to give this gentleman our earliest attention.

The remembrance of the dramatic scenes, the oratory, and the great length of the Tweed trial had whetted the morbid appetite of the public for this sort of enjoyment to a high degree of sharpness; and curiosity being further stimulated by the former prominence and recent years of exile of this magnificent thief, the opening of the Sweeny trial found the court room packed to suffocation with an audience that was all eyes and ears, ready for a protracted session. But it was destined to be a disappointed crowd, for, after the briefest of preliminaries, a consultation of the lawyers on both sides was entered into, and, after a few hours, it was announced that the claims of the city had been compromised, and that all proceedings were at an end. It was a disgusted assemblage that then filed out of court, freely expressing their indignation at the turn things had taken; not so much, probably, that the idea of compounding a felony grated upon their sense of propriety, as that they were thereby deprived of the pleasure of picking the bones of such scandal as the suit might unearth.

The amount for which Sweeny has persuaded the city to give, in effect, a receipt in full for stealings of over a million, is $400,000; and even this the cunning criminal has arranged with the city lawyers to accept as coming from the estate of his dead brother, James Sweeny, so as to leave in the record of the case nothing to show that he himself was required to refund stolen money. He thus gets himself whitewashed at the expense of his brother; and being left with a technically clear reputation and a large fortune of other people's money, he is said to contemplate a return to active political life, taking up his old Democratic affiliations. Rumor even goes so far as to lay out a partial programme for the employment of his peculiar talents; a programme embracing the election of the legislature next year with a view of giving Mr. Tilden Mr. Conkling's senatorial shoes in 1879.

The present seems, indeed, to be the time spoken of by the poet "when the swallows homeward fly." Woodward and Sweeny have already "homeward flew," been taken in and done for, and now Dick Connolly's brother-in-law pops up and plainly intimates that that distinguished statesman would like to leave the elevated society of the Alps and return to the city whose finances he kindly cared for some seven years ago, if he can arrange to do so without having to cool his nose for a period against the grating of a Ludlow street cell. And the city, having her hand in just now in this settlement business, intimates back that she shall be happy to see him and will only charge him $1,500,000 for the privilege. The two will probably haggle over the price for a while, and then Mr. Connolly will turn up in his old haunts and settle down to the enjoyment of the $1,000,000 or more which this arrangement would leave him.

Meanwhile, old Tweed shakes the bars of his cage in angry indignation at this easy treatment of his junior confederates, but cannot as yet shake off the clutches of the law which seems to have singled him out as the one scapegoat on whom to pile all punishment.

The seventeen-year locust, who comes next to the above mentioned gentry in order of present importance, is, emphatically, a queer bird. Why he shows up at such long and odd intervals, like a comet, is a mystery. The conundrum of what he does with himself in off years is too many for even the bug-fanciers. Why he grows so big and accomplishes so little and dies so soon are all among "those things that no fellow can find out." All that is really known about him is that he hangs around underground somewhere for a good while till he gets a good "ready," and then burrows up to the top, leaving a little round hole to mark the place of his appearance, as regular and clean cut as that of a pistol bullet. How he performs this latter operation is another puzzler, for when he gets to the surface he is still tightly encased in the hard, transparent, yellow shell that has protected him during his subterranean residence. But he manages it somehow, and on his arrival in the air, cracks his shell and comes forth a little soft white bunch which hardens and darkens and enlarges with a rapidity totally incredible to one who has not witnessed it; so that within a couple of hours from leaving the chrysalis he is complete in every part.

A finished locust of this variety is more like an enormous fly than anything else I can think of. It is almost an inch and a half long, with black body and head and little goggle eyes exactly like two dots of red sealing wax. Its only beauty is in its wings, which are as large as a small willow leaf, delicate, gauzy and prismatic. I remember hearing years ago that this insect always appeared in time of war, of which it bore the sign. Curious on this point, I picked one up the other day to look for this sign, and, sure enough, on each wing I found a W as plain as pikestaff. Whether the Russo-Turkish struggle is enough to satisfy its predictions, or whether we have got to get up a row in this country to save its reputation as a prophet, time will tell.

The locusts are hatching by the million out in Eastern New Jersey, where their whirring noise is compared to escaping steam. They live but a short time and apparently do no damage to crops or vegetation of any kind. A good many blow over to this city where they attract much attention.

And not satisfied with reviving one Egyptian plague, New Jersey is introducing another in the shape of dead fish. All on a sudden last week the shores of the Passaic and other streams near this city began to be covered with smaller varieties of fresh water fish, which, for a few days, seemed to die almost by the million. The air is tainted for miles around, and the inhabitants of Newark, Paterson and other towns which depend upon the Passaic for water are in serious trouble. No one can account for this unparalleled occurrence.

While Gen. Grant is being dined and wined by the effete aristocracies of Europe, we of New York are given the opportunity of honoring the Chief Executive of a sister republic, by the presence here of the President of Bolivia. The honorable Bolivian, however, gets scanty attention, no official notice having been taken of his coming or sojourn. The object of his visit is stated to be the attraction of New York capital to the completion of certain important transportation facilities within his realm.

The annual races at Jerome Park have been progressing during the week, but under a wet blanket. The absence of the pool sellers, whom the law has ejected from their old stands, and the almost constant rains of several days, have made hard lines for the jockeys. A novel feature introduced this year is the addition of games by the Polo Club, which prove no small attraction. The club misses its moving spirit, James Gordon Bennett, who continues in voluntary exile as a result of his rather ridiculous duel with young May last winter. It is now reported that he has leased a fine estate in England, which he purposes to occupy and enjoy in his own peculiar fashion during the hunting season.

RADIX.

Courtesy.

Boys, do you ever think how much real courtesy will do for you? Some of the greatest men were ever cautious in this respect. When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do? What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. That is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk, remember "if you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words, "if you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear."

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your price for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber; "now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal of surface to shave over."

An Illinois youth invested $1.50 in a New York firm to discover "How to appear well in society." The recipe which he received by return mail, was short, simple, and easily understood: "Always keep your nose clean, and don't suck more than one finger at a time."

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think it did? It took my leg off."

Little Robbie went to a show and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

Medical.

VEGETINE.
IS MY FAMILY
MEDICINE;
I WISH NO OTHER.

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: When I was about 8 years of age a humor broke out upon me, which my mother tried to cure by giving me herb teas and all other such remedies as she knew of, but it continued to grow worse, until finally she consulted a physician, and he said I had the Salt Rheum, and doctored me for that complaint. He relieved me some, but said I could not be permanently cured as the disease originated in the blood. I remained a great sufferer for several years, until I heard of and consulted a physician, who said I had the scrofulous humor and if I would allow him to doctor me he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced healing up my sores and succeeded in effecting an external cure, but in a short time the disease appeared again in a worse form than ever, as cancerous humor upon my lungs, throat and head. I suffered the most terrible pain, and there seemed to be no remedy, and my friends thought I must soon die, when my attention was called, while reading a newspaper, to a Vegetine testimonial of Mrs. Waterhouse, No. 364 Athens street, South Boston, and I, formerly residing in South Boston and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former feeble health, I concluded I would try the Vegetine. After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to force the sores out of my system. I had running sores in my ears which for a time were very painful, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had taken about 25 bottles, my health improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the sores to heal. I commenced taking the Vegetine in 1872, and continued its constant use for six months. At the present time my health is better than it ever has been since I was a child. The Vegetine is what helped me, and I most cordially recommend it to all sufferers, especially my friends. I had been a sufferer for over 30 years, and until I used the Vegetine I found no remedy; now I use it as my family medicine, and wish no other.

MRS. B. C. COOPER.
No, 1 Joy Street Providence, R. I.

VEGETINE.

The range of disorders which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of defined diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other single medicine has hitherto been even recommended for by any other than the proprietors of some quack nostrum. These diseases are scrofula and all eruptive diseases and Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Spinal Complaints, and all inflammatory symptoms; Ulcers, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and Bladder diseases, dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves; Dyspepsia, that universal curse of American manhood, Heartburn, Piles, Constipation, Nervousness, Inability to Sleep, and impure blood.

This is a formidable list of human ailments for any single medicine to successfully attack, and it is not probable that any one article before the public has the power to cure the quarter of them except Vegetine. It lays the ax at the root of the tree of disease by first eliminating every impurity from the blood, promoting the secretions, opening the pores—the great escape valves of the system—invigorating the liver to its full and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This much accomplished, the speedy and the permanent cure of not only the diseases we have enumerated, but likewise the whole train of chronic and constitutional disorders, is certain to follow. This is precisely what Vegetine does, and does it so quickly, and so easily, that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

BEST REMEDY in the LAND

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

DEAR SIR—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and neck for several years. I have tried many remedies, but none cured the humor on my face and neck. After using two or three bottles of your Vegetine the humor was entirely cured. I do certainly believe it is the best medicine for all impurities of the blood that there is in the land, and would highly recommend it to the afflicted public. Truly yours,
P. PERRINE, Architect.

Mr. Perrine is a well known architect and builder at Little Falls, N. Y., having lived there and in the vicinity for the last 33 years.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass
23-1m
Vegetine Is Sold by all Druggists.

Oswego Starch.

KINGSFORD'S
Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the world.
Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure linen.
Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.
Is UNIFORM—edifices and finishes work always the same. 20tf

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch
Is the most delicious of all preparations for
PUDDINGS, BLANC-MANGE, CAKE, ETC.

$999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free; write and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time; don't delay. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 9-5-1y

TUSCARORA SEMINARY
For Young Ladies.

A Home School. Beautiful Scenery. Healthful Climate. Full Course. Music a specialty. Modern Languages. Experienced Teachers. No half way work. Next session begins Sept. 5th, 1877.
Send for circular to C. F. KOLBE, A. M., Principal, Academia, Juniata Co., Pa. 22 3m

W. L. FOULK, Agent Pennsylvania, Ohio & Western Press Association, is hereby appointed the sole and only authorized agent for THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN, for Pittsburgh, Allegheny and vicinity—this to hold good for six months, or further extended.
Bellefonte, April 16, 1877.

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EMPLOYMENT WANTED.—William Holabaugh offers his services as a laborer. Is willing to work at anything on the farm, make garden, stone or rail fence, chop rails or wood or anything else. Give him a call. 15-tf

MORDICA HOLABAUGH offers his services as a laborer. Is willing to work. Will do any kind of labor. 15 tf

Coal, Lime, &c.

WM. SHORTLIDGE BOND VALENTINE

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Shortlidge & Co.,

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COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL

IN MARKET.

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME LIME
LIME LIME
LIME LIME
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LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT.

CHALLENGES COMPETITION AS TO

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RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

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FUSE:

BEST COTTON, HEMP, AND TAPE FUSE FOR BLASTING.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

All of which are being sold at the very

Lowest Prices.

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1877— —1877

Spring & Summer Season

MONTGOMERY & CO.,

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We will make a Good Suit—To your own exact measure—from all-wool fabric—guaranteed fit or no sale—for..... $20 00

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We will sell fine Suits for less money than elsewhere.
We will sell anything in our store cheaper than elsewhere.
Why will you buy common store clothes when our fine goods are only a trifle higher? Remember, a good fit guaranteed or no sale.
Orders solicited now for clothing.

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The highest market price paid for

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Repairing done on short notice. Also, agent for the celebrated Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machines. Machines of all kinds repaired or exchanged.
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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE
RAILROAD CO.,
At Bellefonte & Milesburg.
DANIEL RHOADS,
19 tf General Superintendent.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandelt & Co., Box 5121, No. 5 Wooster Street, N. Y. 8-50-6 n

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. M. A. Young, 24 Bowery, N. Y. 13 3m

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PARLOR ORGAN

Surpasses in Tone and Power any Reed Organ heretofore manufactured in this country. It has been tested by many competent judges and

Gives Universal Satisfaction.

By a skillful use of the stops, and of the patent knee swell, the music is adapted to the human voice, ranging from the softest flute-like note to a volume of sound

Unsurpassed by any Instrument.

The proprietors have noted carefully for many years the imperfections and needs of the reed instruments, and direct their practical experience to the correction of such imperfections and their experiments have resulted in the production of a quality of tone which assimilates so closely to the

PIPE ORGAN QUALITY

That it is difficult to distinguish between the two. This instrument has all

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And every organ is fully warranted. Large Oil Polish, Black Walnut Paneled Cases that

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This organ needs only to be seen to be appreciated, and is sold at extremely

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Agents Wanted

Male or female) in every county in the United States and Canada. A liberal discount made to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc., where there is no agent for the Star Organ. Illustrated catalogue and price list free. Correspondence solicited. Address the manufacturers,

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ERADICATES
ALL LOCAL SKIN DISEASES;
PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT,
HEALS SORES AND INJURIES OF THE CUTICLE, AND
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This popular and inexpensive remedy accomplishes the SAME RESULTS AS COSTLY SULPHUR BATHS, since it PERMANENTLY REMOVES ERUPTIONS and IRRITATIONS of the Skin.

COMPLEXIONAL BLEMISHES are always obviated by its use, and it renders the cuticle wondrously fair and smooth.

SORES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS, Burns and Cuts are SPEEDILY HEALED by it, and it prevents and remedies Gout and Rheumatism.

IT REMOVES DANDRUFF, strengthens the roots of the Hair, and preserves its youthful color. As a DISINFECTANT of Clothing and Linen used in the sick room, and as a PROTECTION against CONTAGIOUS DISEASES it is unequaled.

Physicians emphatically endorse it.

PRICES, 25 AND 50 CENTS PER CAKE, PER BOX, (3 CAKES,) 60c and $1.20.

N. B. There is economy in buying the large cakes.
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"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown, 50c.

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New Standard Enameled
PRESERVING KETTLE,
Made only by the Standard Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Every Kettle made of cast iron, warranted and guaranteed not to contain any lead, arsenic or any other poisonous matter whatever. 20 4t

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The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a *Sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis*, etc. 8-50-6m

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. E. A. WILSON,
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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Lodge Directory.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

The Centennial Temperance Club, of the U. S., meets every Monday evening in Bush's Arcade.

Pennsvalley Lodge, No. 273, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening at Pine Grove Mills.

Lick Run Lodge, No. 311, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening at Howard.

Centre Hall Lodge, No. 895, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellow's Hall.

The Milesburg Centennial Temperance Club, meets every Friday evening.

Millheim Council, No. 309, O. U. A. M., meets every Saturday at 7 o'clock P. M., in their Council Room, Wilt's building.

Bellefonte Chapter, 241, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——Saratoga Water at Green's.

—— Flesh Brushes at Green's.

——This is good weather for molasses to run—over a small boy's face.

——Mr. F. C. Richards, our efficient and accomplished jeweler, has put a neat awning before his store.

——The brass band appeared on the streets last Saturday night decked out in their new plumed hats. They make a dressy and showy appearance.

——The Presbyterian Mite Society of Philipsburg has held a festival lately, which has been a great success. $185 were taken, the expenses being only $50.

——Mr. George Gross, of this place, has a full-blooded bird dog, which was presented to him by relatives in Harrisburg, and which is valued at one hundred dollars. It is a fine looking animal.

——It is proposed to offer premiums at our next fair for the best horse-back riders, ladies included. This will be more interesting to the people than horse racing, and we hope the competitors will be numerous.

——This is about the time that the well meaning but panic-stricken youth, rambling along with his girl on his arm, suddenly has occasion to speak to a man across the street, just as they approach an ice cream saloon.

——A merchant in one of our Sunday-schools, a short time ago, asked the boys in his class the question, "What is solitude?" A bright little fellow who reads the papers quickly answered, "The store that don't advertise."

——We are now having delightful weather, and the pic-nic season and excursion into the country will soon be all the rage among the pleasure-seeking community. To those who have been pent-up for many months it affords much pleasure, and is also a means of recuperating the health of those who have been wearied by hard and incessant toil.

——Our various Sabbath-schools have made their usual summer change in the time of holding their exercises—the sessions now being held in the morning instead of the afternoon, which is more pleasant and satisfactory to both teachers and scholars, as in the afternoon the heat is too intense to be endured within close walls. If the people in some of our churches were allowed to decide the hour of meeting there would be a large majority in favor of having services commence at an earlier hour in the morning and evening than at present.

——The curb-stone market is now one of the established facts, and is doing a large business. It is a great convenience to our people. Bellefonte is in a fair way now to be better supplied with vegetables of every description than ever before, and at prices that are reasonable. We saw pickles sold there for 12 cents per dozen, lettuce 5 cents for seven heads, radishes 5 cents a bunch, cherries 15 cents a quart, strawberries 20 cents a quart (which is higher than they have been selling for in town). The market days are Tuesdays and Saturdays.

——There was a full attendance at the Centennial Temperance Club, which, in view of the torrid temperature, shows that the interest is still maintained. There is talk among some of the old members of starting a second degree, to be composed of members only who have been faithful to their pledge for a full year. It will no doubt be organized, as a meeting for that purpose was held last night, but so late that we were unable to obtain the particulars for this issue. The interest in temperance, which has been set in motion, must be maintained, and the noble mission of this club must be fulfilled. All should strive to live up to their pledges, so as to be eligible to join the honorable circle of second year men.

——The Philipsburg *Journal* accused D. H. Hastings, Esq., of this place, of plagiarism in his oration delivered in that town on Decoration day, whereupon Mr. Hastings procured letters from two friends—Mr. Jack Spangler and Mr. Reeder—that they saw him at work on the oration, heard it read, and that the copy which Mr. Hastings sent to that paper to be published was a true copy, and, as a consequence, the *Journal* did their friend great injustice. The *Journal* published the oration, letters and all, and this week comments upon it; and, while it says "a'l right, gentlemen, we take your word for it," yet like Gallileo, when compelled to deny the great truth that the world turned round, denied upon his bended knees, but immediately upon rising declared "it still moves," so the *Journal* still declares that one-fifth of the oration was a quotation from Everett's Gettysburg speech, and that a careful inquiry among some of the most attentive listeners fails to find one who heard the proper credit given. Then he thinks the testimony of Spangler and Reeder is of no value, as it was easy to put the credit in when reading the speech to them and just as easy to leave that part out when delivered, if he so desired. The *Journal* then winds up as follows: "If we should fail to say a word to our friends (?) and neighbors who wrote, circulated and signed that celebrated letter to Mr. Hastings denying all sympathy, &c., &c., &c., with our remarks on the oration, they would probably feel neglected and offended. That letter purports to reflect the sentiment and abilities of the better class, that is, the heavy men of Philipsburg. It may not be generally known that somewhere on Front street in a second story there is a room called a 'club-room.' In this room with a naked, dusty floor, a few old-fashioned chairs, a temporary table with a few soiled newspapers on it; there is one small table. This table is the centre of attraction. Around this table daily and nightly meet and mingle the authors, the 'getters up'—the men who wrote and circulated and hastened slip-shod through the streets and preached about this celebrated letter. These gentlemen who shuffle the pack till the late hours and till the early hours of the night, who bill and coo over their big doings, who keep posted on all the late gossip, and hate everybody better than themselves, claim to be the true critics, the representatives of the better sentiments of Philipsburg. These gentlemen are certainly deserving of notice, and they shall not be disappointed. Little mice will speak and squeal when their nests are stirred with the pitch-fork, and heavy men—that is, the representatives of the better thinking class, sometimes imitate their example by squeaking and squealing when the pitch-fork of criticism threatens their favorite hiding places."

The Month of Roses.—The month of roses, arrayed in leaves of green and decked with beauty and redolent of odors, is here. The tender sprays and tiny buds have developed into branch and a wealth of leaf, and summer's drapery is well nigh all put on. The birds are singing their cheeriest notes, while the bee and butterfly hum and flit from bud to bud upon an early search for sweets. The erst bare brown cottage, covered with a meshing of seemingly lifeless vine, has become a perfect glory of emerald beauty in its new leaf coverlet. The patient kine seeks out the shadowy circles beneath the trees, for even the June sunshine is oppressive at mid-day. The children are fairly screaming their delights as they race through the balmy air, and the school boy lies from the restraints of study to lave in cooling waters to the nearest brook or pond. The husbandman's hardest work is over, and now a watchful care over the growing crops, with somewhat of anxiety as to the result of his labor, occupies the hours. To him who is much out of doors June brings a perfection of ecstasy that no other month affords, but those who, within doors, run their round of daily business, only note the growing warmth, wipe their brows and long for some retreat from business cares and cooped up misery.

Academy.—The June examination of the classes in the Academy will commence Wednesday, the 20th, and continue one week. All patrons and friends of the school are cordially invited to be present as often as suits their convenience. The order of classes are as follows:

GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Wednesday, p. m.—Spelling, C, 1:30 to 1:45; French, 1:45 to 2:30; Geography, A, 2:30 to 3:30; Reading, B, 3:30 to 4:30.

Thursday, a. m.—Spelling, A, 9:15 to 9:30, Arithmetic, Felter, A, 9:30 to 10:15—Recess—Geography, C, 10.30 to 11; Arithmetic, Olney, B, 1. to 12.

Thursday, p. m.—Reading, C, 1.30 to 2; Botany, 2 to 3; Arithmetic, Felter, C, 3 to 3.30; Phys. Geography, 3.30 to 4.30.

Friday, a. m.—Spelling, B, 9.15 to 9.30; Felter, B, 9.30 to 10.30—Recess—Grammar, A, 10.45 to 12.

Friday, p. m.—Grammar, B, 1.30 to 2.15; Geography, B, 2.15 to 3.30; Reading, A, 3.30 to 4.30.

——If we may believe in the old saying that a full bloom of locusts is a sure sign of a good corn crop, then we may expect to be favored in a high degree in this respect, during the present season. The trees were perhaps never before more heavily laden with blossoms, and the whole air is scented with their sweet fragrance.

——Paris Green at Green's.

——White Hellebore at Green's.

——The common house fly is just now demanding considerable of our attention.

——Mr. Robert A. Bumiller, of the Millheim *Journal*, called to see us last week. He reports the printing business brisk over in the valley.

——Philipsburg is to have a lock-up. The contract was awarded to Jacob Jones, and the price is $695. That town is not half as big as Bellefonte, yet we get along with a calaboose that cost only $150. But then we are right in our economy.

——Bellefonte will be, to all present appearance, a very quiet place to spend the fourth. We hear of nothing going on except the Catholic pic-nic. Now if we only have friends enough there to secure us that handsome gold-headed cane, how happy we shall be.

——Our fellow-townsman, Major W. F. Reynolds, represented the Episcopal church of this place as lay delegate to the Scranton Convention, which was held in that city last week. The Major has the ability to acquit himself with credit to himself as well as the church, and, in the absence of the proceedings, we feel safe in saying "well done, good and faithful servant."

——The Sabbath meetings for young men at the room of the Young Men's Christian Association, which formerly were at 4 o'clock p.m., will, during the warm weather, be held at 6.30 p.m. Meetings on Friday, as usual, at 7:30 p.m. The regular monthly meeting, on the first Sunday of each month will still be held, as formerly, at 4 o'clock. To the monthly meetings all are cordially welcomed.

——We are indebted to Hon. L. A. Mackey, Congressman from this district, for copies of the *Congressional Record*, containing all the doings of the last Congress, including the work of the Electoral Commission. These books are of great value to us, and we shall prize them and gratefully remember the donor. Mr. Mackey is a model Congressman, and what a pity he is not a Republican. But then if he was he would not be a Congressman from this district; not this year, anyhow.

——We learn from the *North American* that it has at last been decided to locate the Belgium plate glass works at Huntingdon instead of Tyrone—that place having been able to subscribe for the most stock. The balance of the million dollars was raised in Philadelphia. This is one of the fruits of our Centennial Exhibition—the notice of foreign capitalists having, by that big show, been directed to our facilities for this branch of glass manufacture.

——The next meeting of the Bellefonte Temperance Union will be held in the Court House, on Thursday evening of the present week, commencing punctually at half past seven o'clock. The exercises are arranged chiefly for the benefit of the young people, and will consist of three short addresses, vocal and instrumental music, and a concert recitation by the young folks. The co-operation of parents and all Sabbath-school teachers is earnestly desired. All are cordially invited to attend.

Claims for Wages.—An important law, passed at the last session of the Legislature, provides for giving priority to claims for manual labor, on all trials of claims for wages in the courts of this Commonwealth. Heretofore, the claims of workingmen, after getting into court, by being placed at the end of the list of cases, have often been so delayed from court to court that the plaintiff, from inability to be present when they have come up, has been compelled to compromise just to get the matter settled. This new law gives all claims priority and so far is a real benefit to the laboring man.—[Williamsport Sun.

——Bathing Sponges at Green's.

——Judge Orvis, in one of his temperance speeches in Clearfield, gave some statistics of the terrible results from the use of intoxicating liquor. Judge Orvis said: "That during his entire practice at the bar, in all criminal cases, the cause could be traced directly or indirectly to the use of intoxicating liquor, and that in nine cases out of ten where murder is committed the criminal is a drinker of liquor." Then Mr. Orvis stated that in one single case in this county—the trial of Turner—the county incurred an expense of $6,000; then the expenses of Turner and his witnesses would be equally as much, "all traced directly to whisky." Why the people of this county have no idea what the sale of whisky costs them in taxes each year. They pay for it all through the Quarter Sessions court, in which our criminal cases are tried. Would it not be well for the reader to consider this matter calmly. Then Judge Orvis said: "My friends, have you any idea what it costs to hold one day's session in your court house? Why, you will open your eyes when I tell you that $1,000 will hardly cover the expense for one day." Think of this. Then remember that almost half the year is taken up with court and the docket is three years behind. These are facts which cannot be disputed.—*Clearfield Times.*

——Extract of Salt at Green's.

——At the meeting of the thirteenth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sunday-School Association, which closed its sessions at Harrisburg last Thursday evening, Rev. R. Crittenden, of this place, was called upon to give a statement of the progress of the work in the Northern Central part of the State. He responded by stating the following facts:

Our work in Northern Central Pennsylvania is not finished. Much of it is no more than begun. There is to be no limit in its future growth and results. With the gains already realized we have occasion to "thank God and take courage." In the four counties, Lycoming, Clinton, Centre and Clearfield, outside of the city of Williamsport and Lock Haven, there are 498 Sabbath schools in operation at the present time. We have in hand a summary embracing facts of interest from all these schools. During the twelve months, ending October 31, 1876, 1,095 of their members were added in full membership to the churches. The county and city jails received not one of the 38,000 members of the Sunday schools. But, I repeat, our work is not done. We never had more in hand to do than we now have.

First. Three-fourths of our Sunday schools are in country places and need all the encouragement of every kind that can be given them.

Second. More than one in every three is closed half the time, and these in communities where religious privileges are most deficient.

Third. In the four counties named there are no less than 20,000 persons in circumstances to attend Sunday school, who never engage in the study of God's word in the Bible school on the Lord's day.

Fourth. Not to speak of those who are outside, less than half of the 38,000 gathered in have made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes, brethren, we have yet a great work to do. We are here for your counsels, for your prayers, and God's blessing, to enable us to do the work faster and better than we have ever done heretofore.

——At a meeting of the Bellefonte School Board the following teachers were elected;

3d grade—Miss Rosa Wood.
4th grade—Miss Laura Graham.
5th grade—Miss Lizzie Campbell.
6th grade—Miss Mollie Nesbit,
7th grade—Miss Bella Rankin.
8th grade—Miss Sallie Caldwell.
9th grade—Miss Nannie McGinley.

An effort was made to elect a Principal, but failed. There were four candidates, none of whom received the sufficient number of votes. The further consideration of this matter was therefore postponed until Friday, the sixth day of July. There were three candidates for Assistant Principal, viz., Mr. H. C. Weaver, B. F. Keller, and Ryman. Mr. Keller was elected on first ballot. Mr. H. T. Taylor, the former teacher, was elected to take charge of the colored school. The whole number of applicants for positions in our schools was thirty-five, most of them competent teachers.

——The commencement exercises at the State College will commence Sunday, June 24, and terminate the following Thursday. The following programme has been arranged:

Sunday, June 24.—3 p.m. Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Calder. 8 p.m. Anniversary Y. M. C. Association. Address by Gen. James A. Beaver.

Monday, June 25.—8 to 12 a.m., 1 to 4 p.m. Examination of Classes. 8 p.m., Musical and Literary Soiree.

Tuesday, June 26.—Examination continued. 8 p.m., Address before the Alumni, by Hon. A. G. Curtin.

Wednesday, June 27.—Examinations concluded. 9 a.m., Artillery Salute. 10 a.m., Annual Meeting of Trustees. 1 p.m., Meeting of Delegates and Alumni to elect Trustees. 3 p.m. Review and Drill of Cadets. 8 p.m., Junior contest for Kline Prize.

Thursday, June 28.—8.30 a.m., inspection of Quarters. 10:30 a.m., Graduation Exercises. 8 p.m., President's Levee.

——We are informed by our old friend Clarence A. Johnston, formerly of the Brockerhoff House, and now associated with Joseph M. Fegan, proprietor of the St. Elmo hotel, 317 Arch street, Philadelphia, that Mr. Fegan has leased the Island House, Atlantic City, N. J., which has been renovated and improved with all the modern conveniences and comforts desired by visitors to that favorite sea-side resort. Mr. Johnston is one of the managers and assures us that he will furnish first-class accommodations at very moderate prices. Don't fail to give him (Clarence) a call.

——The Bush House continues to be the centre of attraction among the hotels of our town. Mr. McCollum continues his good reputation, and we are glad that the people of our county appreciate his efforts to accommodate them. The stable and bridge across Spring creek is every thing that can be desired. Don't fail to stop at the Bush House.

——Last Friday night the saloon of H. D. Yeager, on Allegheny street, was broken into and robbed of one keg of beer, about twenty boxes of cigars, two pails of fine cut chewing and several pounds of plug tobacco. The property was found the next morning by policeman Foulk secreted under Bush's Arcade, on High street, and returned to Mr. Yeager.

——The new lock-up now being erected on water street will soon be ready for occupancy. We know of several chaps around here who will have a chance to take an inside view of it soon after completed, if they don't tread more light and do less howling, and the editor of the *Watchman* isn't one of them, either.

——Just received at Green's Drug Store, another barrel of Saratoga water, fresh from the spring. On draft, ice cold, every morning after 6 o'clock. Soda water, said to be the best in town. Syrups made of the fruit—lemons, pine apples, strawberries, raspberries, and vanilla bean.

——In our report of the proceedings of the executive committee of the Agricultural Society the name of Captain John A. Hunter, president, was inadvertantly omitted. We are pleased to know that Mr. Hunter is an active worker in the cause of agriculture and an efficient officer.

——Leather Garters at Green's.

——Thermometers at Green's.

——Saratoga Water at Green's.

Brackets.—A very handsome lot of brackets for sale by J. Welch & Co.

——Our Methodist friends will soon hold a strawberry and ice-cream festival.

Paper Collars for 5 Cents.—Only 5 cents for a box of paper collars—with linen finish and button hole lined, of course—at Welch's.

——Mr. John Gross, a brother of Mr. George Gross of this place, died in Harrisburg last Friday week. He was proprietor of the Gross House, of that place.

——The new green grocery, lately started by Walker & Martin, on Allegheny street, is meeting with good success. All kinds of vegetables, in their seasons, constantly on hand. Give them a call.

——We wish to call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of that valuable monthly, "The National Live-Stock Journal," which appears in this issue of our paper. We will furnish the "Journal" with our paper for $3.65 per year.

——Stay at home on the Fourth and go to the pic-nic. Don't forget to vote for the cane, no matter who you vote for. The money is going to help a charitable object, and you know he that giveth to charity lendeth to the Lord; or in other words, is laying up treasures in heaven.

——The Catholic pic-nic will be held in Valentine's woods on the Fourth of July. This is the only celebration in town. Everybody should go, as there will be a pleasant time. We hope there will be pleasant weather and that we will get the most votes for the cane.

——Township officers lay themselves liable to a heavy fine by not publishing a statement of their accounts. We have warned them several times about this matter; if some of them get caught up, as they undoubtedly will, they cannot plead ignorance—that would be too thin.

——We notice that a new building is being erected near Bush's Arcade, which, a friend informs us, will be used for holding side shows to the *Watchman* office. It is supposed the first successful performance will take place about the 4th of July. It has not been announced whether the senior or associate editor will officiate as stage manager; nor has the price of admission been made public.

——The Baptist society contemplate having a pic nic and excursion to Eagleville on the 4th of July. They invite their friends to join them. Take your baskets and "Away to the woods, away." Should the weather not be favorable on the 4th, the pic-nic will be on the 5th. Childrens' fare twenty-five cents for the round trip. Boys and girls get your quarters ready and go with the school.

Removal.—J. Newman, Jr. has removed his Eagle clothing store one door below the old stand. This is done in order to have the old place fixed up, when he proposes to move back again. When the store is completed it will be one of the best store rooms in town, and Mr. Newman is also determined that it shall contain the very best stock of clothing of every description to be found outside of the city of New York. They have at the present time a fine assortment of summer clothing, and are selling them at prices that surprises everybody. Just call and see for yourselves.

Think of This.—Out of one hundred thousand bottles of Jamaica Vegetable Health Elixir sold last year, $1,000 were saved to the purchasers. This is one reason that we sell this valuable medicine at ninety-nine cents per bottle; and another reason is that we desire to attract public attention to it wherever it is not generally known. For all common diseases, such as headache from disordered stomach, constipation, loss of appetite, indigestion, billiousness, and a debilitated state of the system from impoverished blood, this remedy stands without a parallel. Regular size and sample bottles for sale by F. P. Green, Bellefonte.

——Selling intoxicating drinks to steal away the minds and hearts of men is bad enough, anyway; but in the hands of bad men or fiends in human form it may become the very worst curse that infests civilized society. If such drinks must be sold at all, it should be done by men at least that have some heart—some feeling for the sufferings of others, and are not willing to take money that is still warm with the saturation of the heart's blood of their victims. A correspondent of the Osceola *Revielle* sends the following disgraceful account, if true; and if actually true, what greater curse could possibly infest Houtzdale?

We are informed upon reliable authority that a certain hotel keeper not a thousand miles from Houtzdale has begun the damnable habit of trading whiskey for groceries, such as cheese, sugar, etc., to such besotted wretches as are willing to sell their souls to the devil, the meanwhile starving their wives and little ones, and actually glorying in their rags that their own beastly appetites may be satisfied. Thank heaven, we have but a few of these degraded creatures going in and out amongst us, with their dead bodies bound to living souls, gibbering in the idiocy of drunkenness, while the dull waters of disease stand stagnant in their eyes, and sensuality is seated upon their cold, cracked lips; bad as they are, we can look upon them with an eye of pity, and utter a silent prayer that they may yet be snatched from that horrible abyss where breakers of ruin roar eternally but the vocabulary of that language has yet to be produced which can furnish words of scorn sufficiently strong for that man, who, under the flimsy disguise of the law, will trade off his wares at the expense of the sighs of a broken-hearted wife, and the curses of her children, to gratify the hellish appetite of him who before God and man has sworn to protect and cherish them. For the sake of our common Christianity, we hope the report may be false, but we have every reason to fear the contrary.

The American People.—No people in the world suffer as much with dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as sour stomach, heart-burn, water-brash, sick headache, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of Green's August Flower we believe there is no case of dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your druggist, F. Poots Greens, or J. Zellers & son, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents. 21-eowtf.

——The man who would sneer at the pecuniary embarrassments of his neighbor would not hesitate, in the selection of a mate, to barter affection and all the nobler attributes of man, in order to attain social and financial standing. The substantial character of a wife may be a convenient basis upon which to found a little wealth and position, but there are noble men who would scorn to be lifted into sunshine and luxury in this way.

——Peanuts 5 cents a quart. Fresh roasted, sound and sweet. Sold by J. Welch & Co.

A Card to Builders.

Having learned that interested parties are circulating reports that the prices charged for stock and work furnished by our establishment are higher than at other planing mills in the county, we desire to correct the statement and assure the public that we are doing and will continue to do all kinds of work in our line fully as cheap as any other planing mill in this section of the state. In addition to furnishing material fully as low as others, we do what many others cannot, manufacture our work from the very best kiln dried lumber. Examine our work, ask our prices before giving orders. McCLELLAN & SPEER,

Proprietors, Bellefonte, Pa.

April 12, 1877. 16-6m

DIED.

BEIGHLOT—May 31, 1877, William Beighlot, of Burnside township, aged 70 years, 1 month and 28 days.

ARCHER—June 6, 1877, at Snow Shoe, James Archer, aged 89 years, 9 months and 6 days.

Bellefonte Markets.

Bellefonte, June 20, 1877.

The volume of business transacted since our last report corresponds with the times, consumers buying what they must have, and no more.

Grain—In the wheat market there is nothing doing. There is very little in first hands, which is being held on a prospective figure. We learn that Mr. Long, of Howard, is supplying his mill from Chicago at the same price offered here, and the quality, by sample, compares very favorably with our wheat.

Rye—Rye comes in dribs, but is readily taken at our quotations, the most of which is being converted into flour to cheapen the price of bread by those whose incomes will not warrant them in buying wheat flour at present rates.

Corn—The supply would seem to be short of the demand, and some of our millers are already ordering by the car load from the West. During the winter corn was a drug at 45 cents, but now a supply is not to be had at 50 cents per bushel. It was supposed during the winter that there was a large excess of corn in the county, but subsequent developments indicate that the supply is really short of the demand.

Oats—The demand for oats is steady, but the supply is about equal to the consumption so far, and we continue the same quotations.

Hay—We mentioned the fact a few weeks ago that the then continued drouth had caused some apprehension as to the growing hay crop, and also made mention of a sale by Mr. Humes to Mr. Rhoads of three tons of hay for fall delivery at $20 per ton. This transaction having taken place between men of more than ordinary business sagacity, has attracted the attention of other producers as well as consumers of hay. Some are disposed to *twit* Mr. Humes that he is trying to bull the market, and Mr. Rhoads comes in with the charge that *he* is trying to make a corner in hay. Since the recent heavy rains the clover and timothy have taken a fresh start, and are now growing vigorously, with a fair prospect of a full average crop of hay being harvested, unless continued wet weather shall spoil it during hay-making. The interest manifested by the friends of the above parties is not so much to know who makes the money as it is to learn which will be considered "stuck" when the time for delivering the hay arrives, at which point the *"laugh will come in."*

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 75
Red wheat	1 75
Rye per bushel	60
Corn, cob	50
Corn, shelled	50
Oats	35
Cloverseed	5 00
Flour, retail per barrel	10 00
Flour, wholesale	9.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$15 00
Hay Mixed per ton	12.00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	4
Apples, per bush	50
Cherries, dried, per pound	4
Beans, per quart	12
Fresh Butter, per pound	15
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per pound	8
Cheese, per pound	20
Hams, per pound	15
Bacon	10
Lard, per pound	10
Eggs, per doz	12
Tallow, per pound	7
Minnesota Early Rose potatoes, sead	1 60
Dried Beef	22
Wilson's Pressed Beef, per lb	25
Cod Fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	20
Oranges, per doz	25a60
Lemons, per doz	60

Philadelphia Stock Market.

Quotations of White, Powell & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1877.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	114¾	114¾
" 5-20 " '65		Called.
" " " '65, J. and J	109¾	109¾
" " " '67, " "	112¾	112¾
" " " '68, " "	115¾	116
" 10-40 coupon	112¾	113
" Pacific 6's, cy	122¾	122¾
New 5 s, Reg. 1881	111	111¾
" " c 1881	111	111¾
Gold	105	105¾
Silver	109	109
Pennsylvania	50¾	10¾
Reading	11¾	12
Philadelphia and Erie	7¾	7¾
Lehigh Navigation	18¾	18¾
" Valley	28¾	29
United R. R. of J	128	128¾
Pittsburg, T. & Buffalo R.R	5¾	6¾
Northern Central	14	15
Central Transportation	30	32
Nesquehoning	43¾	44
North Pennsylvania	38	40
U. & A. Mortgages 6's '89	107¾	108